This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

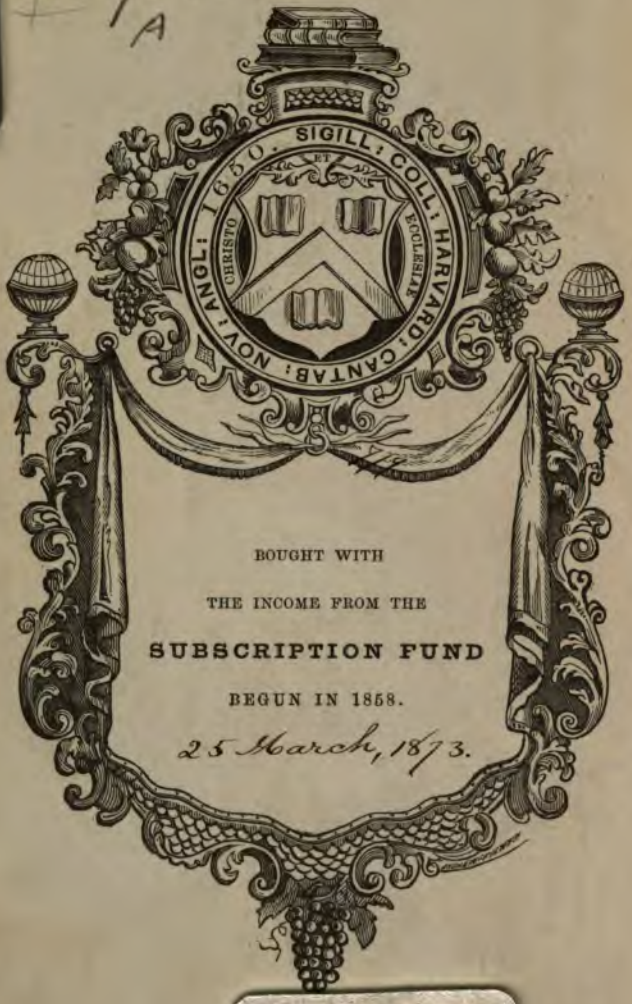
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HD WIDENER
HW TQ6E

26227.32
A



BOUGHT WITH

THE INCOME FROM THE

SUBSCRIPTION FUND

BEGUN IN 1858.

25 March, 1873.

THE

NATIONAL SONGS AND LEGENDS

OF

ROUMANIA.

*** *The Author of this Work reserves to himself the right of authorising a translation of it.*

THE

NATIONAL SONGS AND LEGENDS

OF

ROUMANIA.

Eustace Clare BY
E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

"La Guerre est ma patrie,
Mon harnois, ma maison;
Et en toute saison,
Combattre c'est ma vie."

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1859.

26227.32
✓ A

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
1873, March 25.
Subscription Fund.
77

THIS LITTLE BOOK

Is Dedicated

IN GRATEFUL AFFECTION,

TO HER

WHO HAS BEEN FOR TEN YEARS THE COMPANION OF MY STUDIES;

WHO HAS BRIGHTENED EVERY JOY AND CONSOLED

EVERY SORROW I HAVE FELT;

WHO HAS BEEN THE LIGHT OF MY HEARTH AND THE PRIDE OF MY HEART—

THE BRIDE OF MY YOUTH, THE FRIEND OF MY MANHOOD;

WHOSE BEAUTIFUL AND SUSTAINING LOVE, EVER CHEERING ON AND

BECKONING UPWARDS,

HAS HAD FOR ME SOMETHING AT ONCE HUMBLING AND

EXALTING IN IT.

INTRODUCTION.

THE countries now known under the names of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bessarabia, the Bucovina, the Banat, and Transylvania, formed in ancient times the country of the Dacians, a warlike and savage people, who came from Jasebus and Margiens on the banks of the Oxus. They were first called Derbies, or Dáes, and they spoke the same language as the Getae, who inhabited the country at the mouth of the Danube. Their God was called Zamolxis: he is said to have been a disciple of Pythagoras, and to have strayed into their country, where he established a religion based on the system of his great master. After his death he was honoured as the chief of their divinities.

The ancient Dacians appear to have had a liberal government, and we hear that they were divided into four classes: the King, the Priests, the Elders, and the People.* Their most remarkable deeds in arms are their war against Augustus, under their chief Beribastes, and the subsequent victories of that barbarian, who extended his rule as far as the frontiers of modern Bavaria. Tullius Cato, Tiberius, and Appius Sabinus were conquered, one after the other, by the victorious Dacians; but at length their chief, Duras, fearful of ultimate defeat, and dreading the resentment of the Romans, gave up his command to Decebalus, who became their first King; and uniting the various petty rulers under his sway, something as Egbert did the Heptarchy, seems to have established a powerful monarchy. He fought again with the Romans; and one Finculus, with his successor Domitian, appear to have been beaten by him at Talpa. A village in

A.D. 89.

* Vide Cogalniciano, "Histoire de la Moldo-Wallachie." He appears to have taken his materials, however, without sufficient examination.

the district of Vlaskta is still pointed out as the scene of these engagements. But at length the Emperor Trajan, surprised at these achievements, led his invincible legions into Dacia. Decebalus was promptly defeated, and his army annihilated. He sued in vain for peace; he appears to have been still too powerful and troublesome to obtain it, and the war began again in the following spring.

A.D. 100.

A.D. 101-2.

Decebalus was again beaten; and a fine historical picture might be painted of the vanquished barbarian seeking the camp of the Romans, bearing with him a fish, a little corn, and a bundle of spears, in token of submission. Peace is granted. But what barbarian ever kept his word, or did not mistake clemency for weakness? Trajan has hardly reached home when he hears that his friend Decebalus is again in the field, and has thrown away the scabbard.

The Emperor returns, determined to quiet him this time; and with Trajan come his nephew Adrian, and Lucius Quintus Marcus. The

Romans pass the winter in Bulgaria, and cross the Danube in spring, over a bridge built for the purpose by the architect Apollodor of Damascus. A.D. 104-5.

Decebalus, who appears to have been as unscrupulous a barbarian as could be, now sent some assassins to murder his enemy. They were of course discovered; and the war began on both sides with much violence.

The Dacians are again routed. Sarmese-Ghetusa, their capital, is stormed and burnt, and Decebalus has committed suicide; all before the year 106. A.D. 106.

The conquered province was now peopled by one of those Roman colonies which became a blessing wherever they settled, and which carried the arts and civilization of the Queen City from the Euphrates to the Umber, from Memphis to Thule. The new colony was of course under the protection of Rome, in whose history theirs is henceforth merged.

The Wallachs now lived in peace, a race of

hunters and shepherds, till the appearance of the Turks in Europe. But they soon had to defend themselves against the Paynim horde, which menaced the liberties of the world, till humbled by Charles Martel upon the plains of Tours.

In 1393 Mircéa, Domn (or Prince) of the Wallachs, foreseeing the success of the Mussulman arms, and anxious to save himself and his country from the appalling rigour with which they treated conquered nations, signed a treaty with the Sultan Bajazet at Nicopolis, in which he agreed to hold his principality as a fief from the Soldan.

This treaty stipulated that the Wallachs were to preserve their laws and government, that they should enjoy full power of making peace or war, and that they should not be obliged to deliver up to their Suzerain such Mussulmen as had become Christians and taken refuge in their territory. On their side, the Wallachs agreed to pay, under the name of a voluntary gift, a sum of three thousand red (golden) piastres yearly.

It is hardly probable that such a monarch as

Bajazet* would have concluded a treaty so advantageous to them, but for the immense armaments which were then fitting out against him by the Crusaders. Mircéa certainly chose his opportunity with some political skill, though he has been reproached by western historians for not having aided the famous Jean Sans Peur at the disastrous battle of Nicopolis, which terminated the Crusades. The fact is, however, neither the Wallachs nor the Hungarians were really friendly to the Knights of the Cross, and it is certain that they had reason enough for dislike to them.

In 1460 another treaty was concluded between the Domn of the Wallachs and the Porte, in which (without in any way prejudicing the validity of the former treaty) it was further stipulated that all legal processes between Turks and Wallachs should be heard and judged by the Wallachian Divan according to the local laws,

* "Bajazet the First, surnamed Ilderim, or the Lightning!" —*Sutherland's Knights of Malta*, vol. i., p. 306.

and that no mosque should be built on any part of the Wallachian territories.

In 1513 Moldavia also acknowledged the suzerainty of the Porte, on conditions similar to those of her neighbour. The treaty between Bogdan*, and the Sultan Selim sets forth that Moldavia submitted of her own free and unconstrained will, and nothing was exacted from the Princes but four thousand crowns of gold yearly, forty horses, and twenty-four falcons; the whole to be given as a peschthesh, or present.† In 1583, however, the

* "Bogdan qui succéda à son Père (Stephen the Great) en 1504, prit la resolution de se soumettre à la Turquie en 1513. Le Grand Chancellier de la Principauté, Teutul, alla ensuite trouver le Sultan en qualité d'ambassadeur du Prince de Moldavie. Il declara qu'il venait, de la part du Prince et du peuple, offrir à sa Hautesse la Moldavie à des conditions honorables. Il demanda que la religion fut conservé, que les lois fussent respectées, que le Prince fut toujours indigene, et à les conditions le pays devindrà un fief de l'Empire. Selim accepta avec empressement l'offre du Grand Chancellier."—COLSON.

"A Prince only," says Cantemir, "can understand the joy of the Sultan on this occasion; for Moldavia was very troublesome to him and he was obliged constantly to have an eye on her movements."

† It may be as well to say that the Wallach originals of these treaties are burnt. The Turkish originals, however, are said to be in the archives of the Porte. There does not seem to be any dispute about the tenor of them.

Sultan Soliman insisted on this present being formally acknowledged as a tribute. Of the subsequent events of their history, the most remarkable took place in the time of Mihaï the brave, who reigned at the end of the 16th century. Mihaï even went so far as to declare war against the Turks, and drove them from the country. He conquered Moldavia, and possessed himself of nearly all the Turkish strongholds on the Danube. He repulsed, and dispersed the Turkish armies sent to chastise him: and his achievements are the subject of song and ballad. He is the national hero of Roumania. He was assassinated by the emissaries of one Basta, Prince of Transylvania.*

* There is also a famous Wallachian worthy, who flourished in the fourteenth century, Bano Marucini by name, whom the French called Le Marquis de Ronçard, and who under that title became so well known in song and story that I think I have met with his name in Ritson. On horseback, and with his harness on his back, he led a chosen band of brave lances to help Philip de Valois against the English; and then joining the Count de la Tremouille and de Coucy, with the famous Jean Sans Peur, Count de Nevers, he fought successfully against the Sultan Amurath. He was a poet; and M. J. A. Vaillant, of Bucharest, has given us

As to their modern history, the first relations between the Russians and the Wallacks date from the time of Peter the Great, who concluded a secret treaty with Wallachia in 1710, and another with Cantemir, Prince of Moldavia, in 1711.*

The Czar engaged to maintain the rights of Moldo-Wallachia, without in any way interfering with the Government, or laying claim to tribute of any kind. The Prince was, however, to maintain 10,000 soldiers, in the pay of the Czar.

some of his verses in a little pamphlet published at Paris in 1851 :—

"Or quand, à mon ancêtre, il a tiré sa trace,
D'où le glacé Danube est voisin de la Thrace,
Plus bas que la Hongrie en une froide part,
Est un Seigneur nommé le Marquis de Rongar d.
Riche d'or et de gens, de villes et de terres.
Un de ses fils puînés avait amour pour la guerre,
Un camp d'autres puînés assembla hasardeux,
En quittant son pays fait Capitaine deux ;
Traversa la Hongrie et la basse Allemagne,
Traversâ la Bourgogne et la grasse champagne,
Et hardi vint servir Philippe de Valois,
Qui pour lors avait guerre avec les Anglois."

John and Mathias Corvinus are also said to be of Wallachian origin.

* In 1771 Austria nearly obtained part of Wallachia by a secret treaty with the Porte; the Bucovina was finally ceded to her in 1777.

No Russian was allowed to marry, or buy lands.

Here commences the disastrous era, of the Phanariot Princes. It is needless to say that the treaties just mentioned were hostile to the interests of the Porte. The Greeks of the Phanar were therefore sent to prevent such an event in future. But there seems a fate in the history of nations; and the result of their policy will be found in the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji (§ 16), in which mention is first made of the Russian Protectorate. The Phanariot Princes reigned from 1716 to 1821; when, in consequence of some proceedings adopted by Prince Soutzo against the city of Turgovist, the inhabitants rose; the rebellion spread, and Vladinicresco became its chief. The native Princes were restored.

After various other changes which it is not my province to relate, Bessarabia was ceded to Turkey in 1812; and in 1828 the Principalities received a new constitution, in which the Porte is again acknowledged as Suzerain, and Russia is

formally declared protectress. The administration of public affairs was regulated by the Regulamento organila; and the Domn, or Hospodar, was to be elected by the people, but subject to the approbation of Russia and the Porte.

In 1848, the Principalities did not escape the storm which swept over Europe. They revolted against the Russian protectorate, and were promptly suppressed. The Revolutionary party, however, published a proclamation, stating the nature of their demands, which were as follow:—

1. Administrative and legislative independence, according to the treaties between Mercéa, and Vlad V., with the Porte, guaranteeing the non-intervention of foreign influence in the affairs of the country.

2. Equality of civil and political rights.*

3. Universal taxation.

4. A National Assembly, composed of representatives from every class of society.†

* The Boyards, perhaps one of the most curiously organised aristocracies in the world, pay no taxes.

† None but Boyards were capable of election.

5. Responsibility of the chief of the state. His election for five years only, and that he should be eligible from every class of society.

6. Diminution of the civil list.

7. Responsibility of ministers and other public functionaries.

8. Liberty of the press.

9. All rewards for public service to be bestowed in the name of the country, by her representatives.

10. The right of every district to choose its own functionaries.

11. A National Guard.

12. Emancipation of the monasteries dedicated to the Holy Places.

13. Abolition of the claće (corvée) and of the disabilities of peasants, allowing them to become landowners.*

* This article, which would have subdivided lands as much as they used to be under the old system in Ireland, was extremely unpopular, and almost isolated the revolutionary chiefs in public sympathy.

14. Abolition of the slavery of the Zingari, with an indemnity to owners.

15. The Wallach representative at Constantinople to be a Wallach, not a foreigner.

16. Equal and gratuitous education for both sexes.

17. Abolition of titles to which no public functions were attached.

18. Abolition of flogging.

19. Abolition of capital punishment.

20. Establishment of penitentiaries.

21. Emancipation of the Jews, and equality of political rights for every religion.

22. Immediate convocation of a National Assembly.

Such were the demands of the Wallachs in 1848. The Prince Bibesco signed the proclamation, and abdicated three days afterwards. But the Porte at first recognised the new Government which was called a "*Lieutenance Domniaire.*"

This state of things, however, did not last. The Turkish Ministry changed. A Russian

and Turkish army marched simultaneously on Bucharest.* The Chambers were dissolved; the chiefs of the movement arrested; M. Barba Sterbieu was named Hospodar of Wallachia, and M. Gregoré Ghika succeeded Prince Hourtza in Moldavia.

These facts belong to history. Upon more recent events I do not enter.

The revenue of the Principalities is derived from the contributions of the common people, the salt-pits, and customs. The lands, especially in Moldavia, are among the most fertile in the world. Their principal export is wheat.

The manners of the Wallachs are peculiarly gay and *débonnaire*. They are valiant, frank, and open-hearted. In their tastes they are splendid and magnificent. When it is remembered, however, that they manufacture nothing, that all

* "According to the treaty of Balta Liman, the Russians have the right of entering the Principalities, in concert with the Turks, when in a state of insurrection. That they did so, however, alone, without reason and in profound peace, makes their present occupation a violation of the law of nations."—*Times.*

their objects of luxury are imported, and that the contrasts of fortune in the country are rather too painful and striking, perhaps, we must not be very angry with the author of the "Question Œconomique," for the manner in which he treats this part of his subject.

In their social institutions the Roumans are particularly aristocratic; and a Boyard of the first class will by no means mingle with his inferiors in rank. So marked indeed was the line between them, that, not twenty years ago, a Boyard who paid a visit to another of higher rank, was obliged to wait respectfully on the threshold of the door till bidden to enter; nor could he sit down in the presence of his superior till he had been invited to do so three times. A peasant never dared present himself before his lord without a present, the value of which was jealously regulated by custom. On all public occasions, at balls and festivities, even in churches, the right of precedency is vigorously maintained; and even among the ladies, it is whispered that disputes on this subject

have been known to run so high as to end in personal encounters of great liveliness and spirit. French, or a kind of lingua-Franca, is the language of society. Poor ill-used French! almost every nation speaks a different tongue under this name. There are no schools of reputation, and little education; but there are several theatres, and two Italian operas.

The priests, who form a large and important class, are allowed to marry. There is little difference between their condition and that of the other peasants, except that their houses are always open to travellers, who may find some amiable and intelligent men among them.

The Calugheri, or monks, do not marry, and they inhabit the numerous convents. Their number may amount to some 20,000 in the two Principalities, and they are said to be as unpopular as the priests are beloved. This may, however, chiefly arise from the fact that they possess some of the largest estates in the country (arising from pious bequests), and the jealousy which all people

seem to have against the accumulation of Church property.

The Zingari, who swarm in Moldo-Wallachia, and form a class apart, are the same extraordinary people known to us as Gipsies, and who seem to have formed a wandering settlement in almost every country in Europe. There was also, I learn, at one time a distinct race of the Zingari settled in Roumania. They called themselves Netoti, and wandered about the forests, little better than petty robbers. They had their chiefs, however, and paid a regular tribute to the Government.*

* Nothing so much surprises the traveller as the organised bands of robbers who still overrun the East. Smyrna now seems their stronghold; and the inhabitants have such a salutary fear of them that they dare not take any measures to protect themselves. Some time ago, a family living near Smyrna received a visit from a well-known robber and his band. Having satisfied themselves, the thieves sat down to supper. While thus engaged, a report was brought that the officers of the law were coming to look for them. The robber chief was in despair; *he had the rheumatism*, and could not run. The matter was, however, easily arranged, and the master of the house hid the thief under a bed till the myrmidons of the law had gone away again! In fact, I am by no means sure that it would injure a man's social position at all, in some Eastern countries, were it generally known he had been a bandit: perhaps it would rather increase the respect for him.

They adored the sun and the stars, believing in a faith which they are said to have brought from India. In 1831 they were forcibly baptised, and became slaves to the Boyards. The rest of the Zingari formerly lived a roving life, and were spread over the country, divided into Vatachii, or companies. Unheard-of horrors were told of them; for it is the gift of the vulgar to think in the wrong every thing and every person they cannot understand. They paid a tax for freedom to their master; who, however, often chose some of them as servants. This race of domestics multiplied rapidly, and becoming Wallach in language and customs, forgot the people from whom they sprung. The Zingari are now chiefly employed as musicians, artisans, and miners. They are slaves, and can be bought, sold, and punished with impunity. There are still, however, a company of them who preserve their ancient traditions, in almost every village; and if the traveller chance to be benighted in some peasant's hut, it is there that he will hear the tender Doïne sung, and see a pretty

national dance called the "*ora*," which will often remind him of the figures on antique vases. Their dress is notable: they wear full white trowsers, a white tunic, and a gay-coloured sash. Their long hair falls in wild disarray beneath their slouched hats, and the long, sweeping moustache gives a marked and chivalrous expression to their splendid faces.

The women wear their long hair tied in a bunch behind, and falling in a single tress down the back. They wear a fine long white shift, embroidered with gay-coloured silks, instead of a gown; this is secured by a red woollen sash, beneath which descends the "fota," a kind of embroidered apron reaching to the knees. Their feet are bare: and where, sir wanderer, have you seen more picturesque figures?

It is difficult to say distinctly the number of souls which may be comprised in this mixed population, for, from causes on which I do not enter, the printed statistics of the Principalities are uncertain. On a surface of 900 square

leagues there are said to be about 4,050,000 inhabitants, or 4500 to the square league. Wallachia alone is said to number 2,500,000. Bucharest contains 120,000 inhabitants; Jassy, 90,000. The ports of Galatz and Breïla are the most considerable.

The regular army of the Principalities is 15,000; the Darobans (gendarmes) and frontier guards have been also disciplined since 1848, and form a body of perhaps 15,000 more. The organization and discipline of the troops is the same as in Russia. They have but one general; he is the Minister of War.

The Wallachs form so considerable a nationality that it appears to be the opinion of some of their politicians "that the Porte would do well to unite the Principalities under one ruler, and declare them independent.* They would thus form a more effective bulwark against Russia than they now do." They

* This opinion is very ably and successfully combatted in a pamphlet just written by M. Ghika.

urge "that she receives a revenue almost nominal from them, as it is never paid at all during the occupation of the Russians, or for two years afterwards,"* and that "her power over the succession is useless for any practical purpose." I give this, however, as the opinion of others; and of course distinctly and emphatically repudiate the smallest idea of advancing my own.

Indeed this is the merest sketch of the affairs of the Principalities; as I am writing from memory, far from books and men, and without ready means of consulting either.

As for that which more particularly interests the reader of the Doïne, I regret having to say so little. Wallachia and Moldavia, oppressed by the misgovernment of the Phanariot princes, had for a long time no literature save the Psalms of David, and a few religious treatises. The learning of the ancient world was only known by some miserable translations from the Greek,

* See Treaties, especially that of Kutchuck Kainardji, art. xvi., § 7.

rendered into a barbarous jargon of words taken from the Sclavonic, Greek, Turkish, and Latin—a gibberish which was the fashionable language of the court, the law, and society, much as the corrupt Norman French became in England after the Conquest.

But, says La Rochefoucauld very wisely, "a man's native language is as deeply impressed in his heart as on his tongue." The Rouman, or Wallach dialect still lingered in the peasant's hut, and in the affections of the people. It was evidently derived from the Latin; and bore perhaps as much resemblance to the language of Virgil and Cicero, as Yorkshire provincialisms or the patois of Marseilles may bear to the English of Lord Palmerston or the French of M. Guizot.

The Lautars, or wandering minstrels, were still taught to sing to humble men the Doïne, which had soothed their sires, and the old war songs of the Braves, which yet stirred their hearts like the call of a trumpet. These songs had been transmitted from sire to son by oral tradition

and by quaint old living chroniclers, the only records now left to Roumania.

Such was the state of things forty years since. With the fall of the Phanariots began a new era; and to Jon Eliade, a country schoolmaster, belongs the honour of having restored the national language to literature: a language so soft and beautiful as to have been called the golden tongue. Jon Vacaresco, with Paris Mamuleano, in Wallachia; Asaky and Conaky in Moldavia; appeared soon after, bringing each something to the common stock; though only a few fugitive poems,—translations from the French. But their works still suffered from the Phanariot influence. Cupid and Venus, with the other obsolete machinery of the Greek poets, held too prominent a place.

Although, however, the translations which began to appear about this time were both incorrect and clumsy in style, they were received with pleasure by the public, and altogether displaced the weary gods and goddesses of the Phanariot

poets: who are now forgotten, as well as their writings.

They tried, indeed, to preserve their inspirations in a happier style; but they never thought of touching the magic chord beneath which throbbed the great heart of the people.

In 1832 the literature of Roumania made another stride. MM. Eliade in Wallachia, and Asaky in Moldavia, established each a printing press. The former obtained the monopoly of printing in Wallachia, as well as a contract with the Government to publish the official Gazette, and sang no more. He did, however, perhaps still better service. Following the example of MM. Petro Maior, Schinkai, Klein, Lazar, Thickindel, and Lauriano, he applied himself wholly to the purification of the language, by banishing from it all those words of a foreign origin by which it had become corrupted.

The first poet of repute who now appeared in Roumania was M. Alexandresco, a Wallachian gentleman who long held the sceptre of song.

Alexandresco was born a poet. In the *naïve* and exquisite grace of his compositions there is something positively enchanting; but, unhappily, he wanted that study and resolute cultivation of mind which exalt talent into genius. He made also a great mistake: instead of seeking inspiration in the history of his country, or its home-scenes in the hall of the Boyard, or by the Olto and the Danube, his imagination wandered among strange scenes, and lost itself. Thus he published a collection of poems, which are little better than the pale reflection of borrowed lights from Lord Byron and M. Lamartine. He printed some fables; and those in which he spoke of familiar things were received with enthusiasm. These fables occasioned, however, his dismissal from the army, and were thus raised to the height of popularity; for it seems, that in all times, the shortest way to make an author famous has been to punish him.

About this time, also, M. Carlova wrote some poetical pieces, inspired by the sufferings and

hopes of his country. He called them "Ruinè-le-Targoviste," or the Ruins of Targovista (the ancient capital of Wallachia). They recalled the by-gone glories of the land. His style was by turns elevated, passionate, or touchingly plaintive, and it glowed with the burning language of a lofty and energetic patriotism. But Death bore away the object of so many hopes, while still in the first blush of youth and high promise. Alas, for the young and the gifted!

In Moldavia, Negruzi sang of the flower-girls of Jassy, and paraphrased some novels; of which perhaps Zoé is the best. He also translated the Russian poet Pouskin, and some pieces of Lord Byron and Victor Hugo, not easily recognised. But his style is too elegant, and his verses have too much wit and grace to be branded as mere imitations.

M. Cogalniciano, of Moldavia, has published a volume of Moldo-Wallachian history, rather too sketchy and incomplete; a species of chronicle borrowed, in a great measure, from Fotino's

excellent "History of the Principalities." But since then he has redeemed his reputation by some historical commentaries of much higher promise, and as he is still young, much is to be hoped from him.

M. Aaron, a Wallachian of Transylvania, and ex-professor of history at the College of St. Sava at Bucharest, has also written a history of the Principalities; but though it displays considerable merit, it is too dry for the general reader: it is a mere chronicle compiled with care: a school-book on a wrong plan.

M. Jon Ghika is author of a book on the weights and measures in use in different countries, and it is whispered he has another in the press. M. Nicholas Balcesco devoted himself early to the study of his country's history, and in 1846 published a very able treatise on the military force of Roumania in former ages: a work which received immediate and wide attention. It is prepared with great care and pains, and most of his facts are substantiated by dusty

records found among the monasteries. He died of consumption in 1852.

M. George Sion has made himself known by a series of sparkling satires; and M. Constandin Rosetty has beaten the same ground. His verses are mostly imitations from Beranger, and only met with temporary success. To imitate is not to create: to create is to be a poet.

From time to time young adventurers of the highest promise have entered the lists; but, unhappily for literature, most of them, influenced probably by political events, have ceased to write. Jon Voinesco, one of the best writers of Wallachia, sleeps upon his laurels. M. Constandin Négry, now Governor of Galatz, has written a charming little book called "Tree Nopti la Venezia" (Three Nights in Venice); but he stops there. Among the writers of the present day also must be mentioned M. Anton Pann, who has made himself remarkable more by the burlesque and singular style of his writings than even by their talent. He is the poet of the people, the Bürger of Roumania.

But the character of the Rouman literature is still in a state of transition. M. Basil Alexandri, of Moldavia, and M. Bolentiniano, of Wallachia, are doing much upon virgin ground; the former seeking his inspiration among the mountains and woodlands of his country, the latter rendering into verse of no common elegance the most interesting facts of her story. Thus Poetry, giving her hand to History, has seated herself at last beside the national hearth of the Rouman. Unhappily, the censorship is a severe one. Without entering into details, it is painful to say that nearly all who have written in Wallach—poets, historians, or novelists—were banished after the events of 1848. Many are dead; and those who survive despair of being able to return to their homes.

I cannot here forbear touching on a subject of very serious and increasing importance. It is one of the most pregnant and painful consequences of recent events, that a class of persons have become involved in revolutions, who appear the most unlikely to mix themselves up with politics.

The liberal countries of the world are at this moment crowded with exiles, who are neither enthusiasts nor visionary; but simple, plain, earnest men, who have been called away from the various pursuits of life, and sent to wander to whatever land will receive them, as idlers and good-for-nothings.

In England, America, Sardinia, Turkey, and in the Barbary States, there are thousands of these unhappy men, leading a painful and precarious life; rusting out their existence far from home and kindred—hopeless, objectless, penniless.

It is a touching and melancholy thing to see them. Young men still beardless, who were led away by some vague dream of freedom, or fired by some speech of Cicero or Demosthenes, and then, mistaking excitement for conviction, rushed from the schools to the market-place and joined some popular tumult, or wrote some hasty silly lines in support of it. It is cruel, I say, to see these young men growing up into idlers and saunterers, falling daily lower and lower. As I

write these lines, many a bright talent is slowly rusting—many a youth of high and noble promise is driven to billiards and "*absinthe*," from the absolute impossibility of finding anything else to do, and because no human virtue can enable a man to sit still *entre ses quatre murs* for ever.

We do not quite understand this kind of thing in England, and are apt to ask ourselves, "If they are idle, why don't they work?" Work! Yes, so they would if they could find anything to do; but work is out of the question to most of them. Where is the State which will give its employments to foreigners? Where is the Government that dare do so? Although England and Holland owe their most useful citizens to the edicts of the princes who banished their forefathers—although America owes some of the best blood in the Union to the same cause—there exists, and always will exist, a jealousy of strangers on their first arrival in any country. Yet I do not despair of the ultimate fate of these men. Whatever State has offered them a home, God's blessing will light

upon that land; the children and the children's children of the exile will grow up to be a pride and a glory to it. In ages to come she shall owe her warriors and her statesmen, her arts and her songs, to the sons of the stranger: they shall go down fighting for her in the front of battle, and by their brains and their right hands render her famous among the nations of the world. It is the flower of their chivalry—the best and bravest hearts and keenest intellects—that foreign lands are sending us; and perhaps there is no body of men in the world at this moment more respectable by their intelligence and social position than the Refugees.* Among them will be found some of the brightest names which shall adorn the pages of history yet unwritten. Good and great men are now undergoing struggles and privations—ay, hunger, thirst, beggary, and scorn

* Of course from this category I distinctly and pointedly except the party who are known as the Reds. I have no sympathy with Republican ideas, and God forbid that I should advocate them. There are, however, many exiles who are not Republicans, or constitution-mongers—and some who were, and repent it!

—with a fortitude and grandeur of soul on which posterity will reflect with wonder and admiration. Even while I write, I know and have seen such things, passing within a stone's throw of my window, as make me pause, and sickening lay down the pen.

But it is not for the ultimate destiny of such men that there is anything to fear. By-and-by—pray God it be soon!—the exiles from Italy and Germany, from far Hungary and Wallachia, will mingle gradually with the mass of the people in the lands which they have sought. They will forget their distant country, or speak of it only upon summer evenings as they linger belated in the meadows; or when the fire burns high in the grate and the toil of winter days is over. Then perhaps they may recall, for the amusement of some listening child, the story of their by-gone struggles, and tell how they wrought, and fought, and bled—in vain; how they fled, a scanty band, vanquished and dispirited; doubting much to sail far across the seas into a foreign land—unknown,

unfriended. And then, I pray God that they may be able to point with pride to the fruits of honest industry and perseverance, and to read the child a lesson of endurance and fortitude, of love and gratitude to his adopted country; seeing the joy that comes of the hope which holds on untiring, undismayed by many failures, forgiving much.

Let us on our part be kind and patient with the exiles, and slow to judge them by the same standard of worth which may be just among ourselves. They are not like the same men they were in their own happy homes: those who knew them in former times can hardly recognise them now. Is that dirty, disconsolate person the same who was presented to the traveller a few years ago as the most remarkable man of his country—who had first sacrificed his fortune, then his time to her—who was giving gratuitous lectures in the college he had founded? Is this poor dispirited fugitive the man upon whom the eyes of all the scholars and philanthropists of Europe were turned applauding?

Think of him, then, respectfully; overlook in him the trifling peculiarities, the eccentricities, the many little things, and some great ones, in which his manners differ from ours.

It is a proud and blessed thing to be an Englishman. It is nine times blessed to be of the great Anglo Saxon race. It has been made enlightened, good, and powerful as it is, by the freedom of centuries; and all who have hands or intellects among that great family, might win an honest and independent living, even in exile. But these unhappy men of whom we have been writing are as helpless as children; and if they have not learned some manual employment, some accomplishment by which the amusement of happy days may become the support of evil ones, what are they to do? They cannot write; they have no public. There is no public for books, upon many subjects, anywhere but in England and America. We will not buy books written in Hungarian or Wallachian, Italian, German, or Polish; and no man ever wrote well enough

in a foreign language to make a living by his pen.

Nor is it alone in literature that they have no vocation. We must remember that the education of most continental gentlemen is eminently unpractical. Of commerce, machinery, electric telegraphs, and the things that are now quickening men's minds with us, they know worse than nothing. But few of these men are mechanics, or persons connected with the money-making trades. They have been brought up under a system which brands commerce with an indelible mark of contempt; they belong to a society more aristocratic than sensible; and they cannot at once eradicate the prejudices of their whole previous lives. They are thus, for the most part, a great deal more helpless than an English Peer, from previous training and habits of thought, would be under the same circumstances. Once more, then, before I conclude this digression, let me put in a plea for kindness and forbearance towards them; and may God's blessing guide my hand as I write it! If, for

reasons which appear satisfactory, any Government should consider the public peace best assured by the exile of certain men, it might perhaps sometimes be generous to consider the possibility of imitating the example of the Porte towards the poorer exiles from Roumania, and give them the means of living.

I have done: I have already written more and gone further afield than I intended. I have now only to add a few words as to my own share in the present work. Some of the best of the Doĭne have been collected by M. Bolentiniano, who has assisted me with much curious information. For myself, I need scarcely say, I claim no merit. I do not venture to challenge criticism; though he who spurs into the lists of literature cannot complain if a lance be roughly broken with him, or hope that a maiden shield will save him from a fall. Let me confess, however, that, as to my own labours, I feel sincere diffidence, not even unmingled with regret, that so enchanting and graceful a task should have fallen into such

clumsy hands. I am like one who has had a casket of jewels given him to carry, and who has lost half by the way. I have indeed done my best to perform my trust faithfully, and tried to guard each with earnest care, but many have slipped through; and when I compare the number and beauty of the gems which were given me, with those still left in my half empty casket, it is, frankly, with no little confusion. I trust, however, that there is still enough of the original charm left in these songs to induce some happier hand to wake again the notes I have perhaps but marred. Let me conclude my apology in the address of Moore to the Irish Harp:—

> "If the pulse of the patriot soldier or lover
> Hath e'er felt a thrill at its tone,
> I was but as the wind sighing heedlessly over,
> And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own."

One word more. I think I may venture to believe that I have not deceived myself as to the beauty of the Doïne. Poetry which has stirred the heart of one nation has generally an echo

in that of another; for all men have very nearly the same feelings and sympathies, much less modified than we think even by distance and custom: "Le monde est partout comme partout," said a witty Frenchman; and he was right.

The fate of Ossian, the Songs of the North, the Spanish Ballads and Romancers would be enough to encourage me to hope for the success of the present work: I need not say that such a hope is altogether apart from that of any success of my own. The Doĭne seem indeed to me to have about them something of the character of Ossian; only that instead of belonging to a slow, grave, misty nation like the Scotch, they are the songs of a people who lived beneath a summer sky, and whose dreams were all of sunshine and flowers, of moons, and stars, and silver seas.

If the Doĭne give the reader only half the pleasure they have given me, he will be delighted indeed with them: they have been collected during one of the happiest months of my life —one of those brief and pleasant times in our

existence, the memory of which I do believe makes us better ever afterwards: more good-natured with the world; and which seem to engrave themselves on our minds like those pictures which are done by sunshine.

They were written in the Prince's Island, one of a little group just within hail of beautiful Stamboul. I had gone there invalided; and, as health was coming back to me, they formed my occupation. Seated cross-legged on one of those Turkish sofas which I wonder we do not imitate, the Doïne grew daily under my hands. My window overhung the sea; and as my eye dwelt on the enchanted waters, in that pleasant frame of mind which follows illness; as I listened for the north wind, which came laughing over the ruffled waters about noon, rousing them out of their deep still sleep like a wild playmate; the songs seemed to weave themselves, just like the pearls in the story of "*Sirte Margarite.*" I was living in fairy land, among Frank beauties, wise birds, and talking suns. My task had an indescribable fascination

in it. The drowsy song of the Greek boatman singing of his loves, as he pulled his light caique beneath my window, became refined into the lay of the beautiful stranger to the daughter of the laurel-tree, or the daring chant of Miho the young before the robber chief.

My principal amusement after this was taking Greek lessons: hunting out from forgotten corners of memory the words which had lain rusting there since I left Oxford. It was a pleasant amusement, almost bringing back a second boyhood. Then I had the quaintest, kindest master to be conceived. He was the village schoolmaster; and all the children in the neighbourhood seemed to know and love him: and as he was so amiable and good-natured as to become almost my constant companion out of school hours, and on fête days (which were pretty often), I soon grew to have an acquaintance almost as extensive as his own. It was pretty enough to see the affection of his scholars; they waylaid and beset us in our evening walks. Themistocles or Miltiades

(usually some scrubby, bright-eyed urchin) would come with shout and halo through the vineyards directly they recognised my friend, and, emerging with difficulty from the thick foliage of the vines, would bring bunches of ripe grapes in their sun-burnt hands. He would stop and talk to them with placid kindness, and smile very sweetly when we had passed on, as if the flavour of kind words still lingered about him. Surely there is nothing in this world so sweet as to be loved!

Our evening walks were always the same, by the haunted shores of the Sea of Marmora; and when it lay beneath me, so still and hushed, and the moon threw over it a flood of solemn and august light, fancy grew busy with me, and the shadows of an elder time peopled the air. I felt that I was passing a brief season of tranquil thought and happiness, such as I was perhaps never destined to pass again. I was a boy once more, talking the language of Homer. I lived in another world from that I had left so lately, with its fume and its roar—its storm in a butter-boat.

Then they were the dearest, drowsiest conversations that ever two mortal men held together. Such simple wisdom as the good man had, he gave me; and even when struggling with a smile, I often felt that it was happier and better than the lore of statesmen and sages.

He had grown quite grey among little children, though but twenty-nine. He was as single-hearted as they, and loved the marvellous as dearly; was full of morals from fables, and of the sentences which served as copies for his scholars. He told me, indeed, that Scotland was the capital of London; but I do not think it much mattered what he said: I should have had the same affectionate esteem for him if he had told me he had been to the moon; and it was not very unlikely that he had.

Yes, it was one of those dreamy, idle, pleasant times, dear reader, which come to us but once; when we think that we shall never want a new dress-coat, and forget there is such a thing in the world as a goose or an epigram. But enough!

and very much more than enough: yet this is not mere egotism; for to understand thoroughly the character of any book, we should know something of the circumstances under which it was written.

PRINCE'S ISLAND,
Sept. 12, 1853.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Daughter of the Laurel Tree	1
Mariora Floriora	4
The Fawn	17
Paunasul Codrilor	20
Thomas Alimosh	22
Stéfan the Great and his Mother	26
Codréano	29
The Ferentar's Daughter	36
Boujor	38
Fàt Logofàt	41
Salga	43
The Malediction	46
Rich and Poor	48
Miho the Young	50
The Ring and the Handkerchief	56
Gruë Grosavul	59
The Sun and the Moon	64

Page

Bogdan 67

The Tartar 70

Constandin Brancovano 71

Serb Serac 75

The Rose and the Sun 80

Vidra 82

The Maid of Cosia 87

The Dove and the Coucou 90

Balaurul, the Serpent 92

The Banquet 94

Michai Saving the Standard 96

Mihnea Domnu 98

Mircea 102

Michai the Brave 104

Sirte Margarite 106

Miora 111

Notes 115

National Airs of Roumania 143

DOĬNE;

OR,

The National Songs and Legends of Roumania.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE LAUREL TREE.

"OPEN thy branches, beautiful Laurel Tree, and let me go forth; for it is the hour when the Evening Star bathes her silver hair in the limpid waters of the rivulet."

So speaks a fair girl shut up within the Laurel; and the Laurel opens its leaves. The maiden springs out, and descends dancing into a flowery valley.

The pale betrothed of the Sun shines softly through the clouds, and the nymph flits through the valley, light as the breeze when it passes

over the flowers. Her large eyes reflect the soft and loving light of the stars, and her long hair breaks in a golden flood upon her shoulders.

"Listen, sweet girl," says a young and handsome stranger. "Your locks are more beautiful than the beams of the sun upon a lily; but accursed be thy loveliness, for it has troubled my life and my youth."

At these words a blush burns on the cheek of the maid like drops of blood from a wounded bird, fallen upon the snow of the morning.

The young stranger tries to embrace the beautiful Daughter of the Laurel, but the fair-haired maiden flies fast through the pale shadows of the night. When far from the traveller she stops, and seems to defy him; but when the youth approaches she flies again, and both at length disappear in the flowery groves.

"The Star Queen sleeps in her palace of clouds; sleep also, gentle and lovely girl; try to calm thy sighs."

So sings the handsome stranger, and the

Daughter of the Laurel falls to sleep in his arms, murmuring a prayer to God that her lover may never abandon her.

She sleeps. At her awaking, her anxious eyes seek in vain for those of the handsome stranger. She sees him no more. She shrieks for him wildly in vain, and calls to the night; to the stars; to the rivulet that runs through the wood; to the birds singing among the flowers; but none can tell her whither he has fled.

"Open thy branches, beautiful Laurel Tree!" then cries the deserted girl; "the night is already flying before the first rays of the day-light, and if I remain longer here I shall dissolve away into dew."

"Away, young and beautiful girl," replies the Laurel Tree, mournfully; "the star wreath of honour has fallen from thy brows; there is no longer any place for thee here."

Then the sun rises over the mountain, and the Daughter of the Laurel dissolves away into dew.

MARIORA FLORIORA.

SWEET and pleasant is the life of man in fertile Moldavia; flower succeeds to flower, and fruit to fruit beneath its generous suns; myriads of melodious birds enchant the ear with their delicious harmony; young and beautiful maidens take the heart captive.

But if you were to travel nine years in the country of the Monteni, or in any other; if even you were to journey over nine lands and nine seas, you would never find maid, or bird, or blossom, so wondrously lovely as Mariora Floriora, the Zina * of the Mountains, the Sister of the Flowers.

She is bright as a tear of joy, gentle as the

* Zina, nymph.

spring, blithe and light-footed as a fawn, and neither tall nor short, but just of the proper height for a bride. Her chestnut hair, soft as silk, attracts the eyes of all who approach her. It clusters over her white forehead, and falls in golden waves to her shoulders, like a field of ripe corn stirred by the wind. And then, my friends, she has upon her lips a scarlet blossom; in her mouth are pearls; upon her cheeks cherries; and on her bosom lilies, with two little strawberries upon them.

When she goes forth into the fields the flowers laugh joyously, and open their hearts to exhale perfume for her; then, after bowing gently in the wind, they strive to arrest her steps, and say, "Good morning, sweet sister Mariora Floriora! Tell us what thou wouldst have of us? Will you have the odours of the cowslip,* which calm the heart, or those of the enchanted basilicon, whose spells can stop the wandering youth upon his way and make him love

* Sulcina.

thee? Take us, sweet sister, oh, take us and place us in thy hair, or in thy bosom, that we may toy with thy tresses, or fall to sleep upon thy breast."

Mariora listens, pleased and happy; then lying down among the flowers she covers them with kisses, and places some in her hair and some in her girdle. All who see her stop and cry, admiringly, "There is Zina, the Nymph of the Flowers."

The hoary old mountain grows young again when he hears her step, and dresses himself in a robe of green and crystal to receive her. The birds awake and sing, "All hail! Mariora Floriora! tell us what thou willest have of us. Will you bathe in the water that has never been troubled? Are you seeking for singing birds, or for wild honey; or will you listen to the sweet airs of the tender Doĭne?"

Wherever she appears she is met with loving words, and she lives among happy thoughts, as the bee lives among the gardens.

Nevertheless she is pensive sometimes, and

when alone she fancies that mysterious voices whisper to her softly, "Beautiful Zina! thou art young, lovely, and gentle; thou hast wakened love in many. Hast thou never dreamed that the time is come for thee to love also? Dost know, dear girl, that thou must one day die, and render an account of thy heart in heaven? How many flowers," adds the voice warningly, "waste their sweetness and fade away, remembering not the scentless flower of the lake which blossoms at the gates of Paradise to judge the rest, and that she will inquire strictly what they have done with their odours."

One day while musing on the mysterious voice that haunts her, Mariora meets a young stranger, mounted on a black steed with a white star in his forehead. She unconsciously casts down her eyes, and her heart begins to beat turbulently.

"Calle buna, sweet girl," says the stranger. Mariora naïvely thanks him, though she cannot raise her eyes.

"Tell me truly, fair maid," then asks the

traveller, "are you the daughter of a king, or the shadow of a sweet dream I once had, for I have travelled far and seen many beauties, but none like unto thee."

"If thou wouldst know who I am," replies the nymph, "thou must ask my sisters, the flowers."

"Art thou the daughter of a mortal, or of a Zméu?" continues the stranger.

"If thou wouldst know who I am," answers Mariora, "ask the mountains and the bridgeless torrents, the singing-birds, the waterfalls, and the young fawns."

"Then, fairest of the fair," says the stranger, gradually becoming enlightened, "thou art the Nymph of the Flowers, the guide of Aurora. Thou art my fate, and a star foretold that I should love thee!"

Mariora's heart is touched by the gallant stranger; she blushes; and both remain silent and pensive; but her hand caresses the flowing mane of his horse, who neighs till the mountains re-echo.

But now a fair young girl comes dancing towards the lovers. A wanton smile is on her lips, and her hair is decked with butterflies. She comes fresh from a garden; upon her breast are clusters of flowers; in her hands she carries branches of the cherry-tree, laden with ripe fruit; and she sings as she approaches them:—

"On my breast is a garden of sweet-scented flowers; whoever inhales their breath must be my lover. I have strawberries too, and cherries; whoever tastes them must give up his life to me. Fair youth, will you have my cherries? When was fruit so tempting?"

Thus singing, she displays the flowers upon her snowy bosom. The stranger stretches forth his hand, but Mariora stays him and says:—

"Take neither fruit nor flowers from that girl, for I will give thee my whole garden; the garden of my bosom and the flowers of my heart."

"My own Zina, my dear destined bride," replies the youth. "I will give up my travels

from henceforth, and dismount from my steed, that I may stay here and love thee."

Mariora blushes, and sheds tears of happiness; still caressing the horse, who raises his crest proudly towards his mistress.

The shadows of evening begin to spread over the mountains, but a ray of light appears suddenly over the rocks, and gradually becomes the moon.

She is at her full, and looks joyous as the brow of a bride. The moon remains fixed above the rocks, and looks down upon two shadows, who embrace tenderly. They are intoxicated with love and forget the world.

Then the moon seemed to shine with a more august splendour; she made a mystic sign to the stars, and the stars shone out and saw the shadows who embraced each other. Towards midnight the shadows vanished, and the moon set behind the rocks; but the bright stars whispered to each other:—

"Bright flowers of the heavens! Sweet sister

travellers through the sky! Have ye seen how the Nymph of the Mountain embraced her lover in the world below. Alas! she did not even see us this evening! They are gone now, the maiden and her lover; where are they hidden, sisters?"

So the stars ascend towards the west; they spread themselves shining over the firmament to penetrate the mystery; and their rays illumine the airs.

At daybreak Mariora awakes as if from a dream; her beloved is beside her. He looks at her tenderly, and says:—

"Dear Mariora, gentle as the dove, I would gaze upon thee for ever, toying with thy hair, and then die upon thy lily bosom."

Mariora listens with a blush and light laughter. She hides her face among her golden tresses, and peeps out now and then like a butterfly, or a bird singing as it flies through the trees.

She makes a sign, and a table rises loaded with delicious fruits. The lovers partake of

the banquet, and say:—"Let us always love one another, for are we not equal in youth and in tenderness, and in love and gentle thoughts?"

So passes another day.

The next morning when the bride and bridegroom awake, Mariora makes another sign, and an elegant carriage with six horses appears before her. They get into it, and she tells the enchanted steeds to let their shadow only hover over the surface of the fields, and to fly with them swift as thought.

The coursers neigh, and fly lighter than shadows with the happy pair. In this manner they ramble over meadows and mountains, but the mountains on seeing a stranger by the side of Mariora Floriora take off their verdant robes and hide themselves in clouds. The leaves fall yellow and withered, the streams are troubled, the flowers droop their heads and fade.

But the beautiful Mariora thought no longer

of mountains and flowers; she had no eyes for anything but her lover.

The coursers, flying upon wings swift as those of desire, arrive in a single bound at the borders of a stream. Mariora descends to bathe; and the water cradles and caresses her, as if she were a lily and grew there. The enamoured waves play with her hair, and leave upon every tress some bright drops to sparkle in it. But the sun dries up the bright drops, and transforms them into a cloud, which rises slowly towards the heavens.

"Mariora," says the Sun, "thou art fair and lovely; thou art happy, but hast thou no thought that fortune is fickle, and that the sweetest dreams end bitterly? Dost thou know, that the flowers of the field have faded away since thou hast left them uncared for, and, returning to the skies, have complained that thou hadst forgotten them. Mariora," adds the Sun, "my beloved, the Lord will chastise thee, and thou must not murmur; still know that in this

fleeting life and perishable world a sweet day of love is worth an age of vulgar happiness."*

"When fortune changes," exclaims the poet, "more griefs are crowded into one sad hour than are enough to darken years."

Upon the third day Mariora felt her spirits saddened. She was pensive, and wept in silence on her lover's bosom. No one knew why she wept, for she wept as weep the flowers for the morning.

The day was lovely, the mountains were bathed in light, and the valleys in silence. The birds kept within the pleasant shadows, and neither flew nor sang. The shadows were the only moving things: they struggled against the light, and when vanquished fled far into the forest.

Mariora sighs, and embracing her lover, she

* A sentiment one would hardly have expected from the sun, especially after the preceding sentence; but the strange mixture of religion and impiety is one of the most curious characteristics of Wallack poetry: perhaps of the poetry of all primitive people.

says: "Sing, my beloved, that thy soul may pass into mine." "Sweet have my days grown since I met thee, O my soul," sings the youth; "forget for me thy skies, fair angel sister to the golden stars, for I have forgotten my world for thee."

Suddenly there is a plaintive sound in the air, as of a mother's voice mingled with mournful bells. The earth trembles; Mariora looks round fearfully: she sees a black cloud hovering over her, dark and menacing as a Zméu* spreading its sombre and awful wings over the horizon. It is the same cloud which rose from the bright drops in her hair, which the waves gave her. Mariora grows pale, and bending over her lover, she says, with anguished looks:—

"Farewell, O my love, foretold to me by the star! God has sent a Zméu from the mountain to tear me from thine arms; for since I have loved thee I have forgotten His flowers. They have faded, and complained to Heaven that I abandoned them."

* Evil spirit.

She weeps as she speaks, and the cloud rises and overspreads the skies. The thunder rolls, and the valleys and mountains re-echo it; the lightning flashes, the rain falls, the winds moan, and poor Mariora hides her face in despair!

But fate is not to be pacified; the Zméu arrives and seizing her in his arms flies away with her over the mountain; after which the clouds vanish and the heavens become serene.

Where is Zina, the Flower Nymph? The beautiful Mariora Floriora, into what far country is she gone? Is she wandering over nine lands and nine seas, or is she seeking for the garden of Paradise, where dwell the Nymphs and the stars?

None ever told, none ever knew; but, when the full moon is shining on a serene night, her plaintive murmurs are sometimes heard in the caverns of the mountain.

THE FAWN.

"My pretty Fawn! look once again upon the setting sun; it is the last time you will behold it; you are my little friend, and must die for my sake."

"Let me still live till the end of the season, dear master," replies the Fawn, "when the lily of the valley bends her head upon the stem, when the songsters of the spring cease their harmony: life is so sweet, the sun so beautiful, the heavens so wondrous. Ah, let me still live, dear master."

"Alas! it cannot be, my little Fawn. The queen wills thy death, or a divorce, and if thou lovest me, my pretty gentle little Fawn, thou must die for me."

"Thy will be done then, master," answers the little Fawn; "I can die to make thee happy; though I am so young, so beautiful, and life is so delightful."

"Do not weep, my little friend, for thou dost break my heart," answers the king, who can do a cruel thing more easily than talk about it.

"The queen wishes for my death, because I am a prophet, and know all her secrets. But beware, O king! for to-morrow thy royal head shall fall beneath the knife of the queen and her lover."

"Not so, my little Fawn," reasons the king, "thou sayest this to be revenged against my wife."

"Heed me or not as thou will'st," answers the Fawn. "But before thy death tell the servants, who remain true to thee, to take my bones and to make thee a coffin of them. Thou must tell them to paint it with my young blood, and to bury thee in it after thy death. From this coffin shall arise a sweet-scented tree, which shall bend

over thy tomb and cover it with a cool shade during the fierce heats of summer. The tree shall protect it from the winds and the storm, and singing thy misfortunes and mine, stop the passenger to weep over thy grave."

PAUNASUL CODRILOR.

A YOUTH and a maiden are wandering through a valley. The maiden is beautifully fair, and she is crowned with a chaplet of yellow flowers.

"Sing to me, sweet girl," says the youth, "that I may hear thy sweet voice."

"I would sing to thee, my beloved," answers the maiden, "but the caverns will echo my song, and the Paunas of the mountains, the Brave of braves, might hear me."

"Fear not for me, my golden beauty," answers the youth gallantly, "when I am near thee; and oh fear not for thyself when thou art near to me."

The young maiden with the golden hair begins to sing; the Eclwes carry her song to the Paunas of the mountains, and the Brave of braves appears.

"My pretty little lad! my brave little mannikin," says the Paunas, hoping to gain his point by fair words. "Give me thy bride, or thou must die."

"Thou shalt not have her while my head remains upon my shoulders," answers the youth resolutely. "I have sworn by her golden hair never to abandon her!"

The struggle begins and the combatants wrestle fiercely; at length the youth gives way; his belt falls off, and Paunasul grips him in the clasp of a giant. His eyes glare, his heart beats.

"Help, love!" cries the youth, "and gird on my belt, for I am losing strength."

"Nay, husband," answers the lady. "Let the fight be fair, and whoever is victor I will marry him."

The two Braves clasp each other with all their strength, and one falls.

Who carries off the Fair one? It is the Paunas of the rocks. Who falls to rise again—never? Alas! it is the gallant bridegroom.

THOMAS ALIMOSH.

FAR away, but not too far away, upon the banks of the Neister, at the foot of a hill, and beneath the shadow of a cluster of poplar trees, sits Thomas Alimosh, the "Boyard".....

Near him stands his murgo, with its gilded bridle. He is feasting, and thus soliloquizes:—

"I would drink a health if I knew to whom: shall it be to my gallant steed? He is a beast, and can do nothing but carry me! Shall it be to my arms? my arms, the sisters of my heart? But even they are only dried wood and cold iron."

As Thomas Alimosh is thus speaking he hears the trot of a horse. He rises, and, looking along the plain, he sees a young Brave, mounted on a

black horse of the famous breed of Dûbrodgia. The cavalier, with his tall form and raven hair, is the giant Manea. He approaches Thomas Alimosh, and, addressing him as "Boyard of the Lowlands," demands haughtily why he has come into the country to ride over the corn and the young vines—to spoil the vintage and the harvest.

Thomas good-naturedly asks him to sit down and cool himself, then drinks the giant's health, and offers him a glass of wine.

The giant Manea takes the wine in his left hand—a sure sign of bad fellowship—and with his right draws his sword. He wounds his entertainer in the breast, and then mounting upon his coal-black murgo, takes hastily to flight.

"Ill luck to thee, son of a spouseless bride!" cries Thomas Alimosh indignantly. "If thou fallest into my hands I will send thee to perdition!" Then staunching with his hand the blood which gushes from his wound, he mounts on horseback. But his horse is old.

"On, on, my little horse!" he says, with a

slight tone of regret in his voice. "Alas! if thou couldst go in thine old age as thou didst in thy youth!"

The generous horse answers that he will go faster than ever he went before; and Thomas Alimosh again urging him on, he flies like dried grass before the blast of the wind, or like a hawk stooping on his prey. He soon overtakes his enemy.

"Manea!" cries the Boyard sternly, "thou hast wounded me like a traitor, and taken to flight like a coward!"

Manea is dismayed, and strikes his horse cruelly. He tries to escape; but his foe follows, terrible, though dying. When near enough, Thomas draws his sword and cuts him in two pieces, exactly through the middle of the body; hewing off two of his horse's ribs with the same stroke.

So perish all who abuse the hospitality offered to a guest!

"My little murgo," then says the dying warrior,

"my eyes are closing; the clouds above grow dim to me. Hasten once more, and bear me quickly yonder beneath the shade of the poplar trees. I will die there. When I am dead, and my hands cannot caress thee, thou wilt dig me a grave with thine iron shoes; with thy teeth thou wilt cast me into it. The poplars will grow bare when the autumn wind blows, and their leaves will cover me."

STÉFAN THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER.

UPON a gloomy rock near an ancient castle in Moldavia a fair lady passes the night in weeping. It is the bride of Stéfan, Duke of the Moldavians. Her blue eyes glitter like two violets beneath the morning dew; and she dries her tears with her long hair. Her husband has been gone some days to the wars, and she has not heard from him. As she still weeps a horn is heard to sound at the castle-gate.

"Open! mother mine," cries the faint voice of a spent horseman. "My army is scattered, and I have fled hither from the field! Open the gate quickly, for the wind blows keenly; my wounds are painful, and I am surrounded by foes."

At these words the young princess flies to

the lattice. But the warrior's mother asks him boldly—

"What dost thou here, my son? I command thee to remain without." She speaks; and going upon the terrace, thus sternly addresses the fugitive—

"What wouldst thou, stranger? It is in vain that thou seekest to enter this castle, pretending to be my son. My son is with his braves, where duty calls him. He has never returned to his hearth in shame! Or, if thou art my son, I am not thy mother. If God has reserved such a disgrace to embitter the rest of my days, if thou art indeed my son, then know that thou shalt never enter this castle with thy brows unlaurelled. He who knows not how to die for his country is like those ill-omened night-birds who see only in the dark. If thy soul has lost its noble courage, go back then to the realms of Night, from whence thou camest, for the morning breaks."

Recalled to his duty by these burning words,

the duke returns to his army, and the combat is renewed. The Turks are either routed or cut to pieces, and Stéfan the First returns in triumph to his castle.

CODRÉANO.

THE fame of Codréano has gone abroad in the forest. But he has no horse. He is distressed at this circumstance, for no brave can be well appointed without his murgo. Dressed in a shepherd's sarica and a cap like that worn by the Żurcan mountaineers, so that he may not be recognised, he yet looks very brave and handsome.

Thus attired he tries to find a horse with a wavy mane such as horses should have, but he cannot discover a good one anywhere. Every horse which is brought to him is so weak and miserable that he can take it by the head and throw it down. So he continues his fruitless wanderings among the mountains. At last he meets with one of the mocons, or travelling cattle-dealers.

"Calle buna, mocon, a pleasant journey to you," cries Codréano, accosting him.

"Thanks, brother," replies the mocon.

"Tell me, mocon of the mountains," then says Codréano, "wilt thou change thy horse for my sarica and a waggon with eight oxen?"

"I will not barter my horse against thy sarica," answers the mocon, for with the foals of his dam I pay the rent of the fair Valley of Olto, and if I would have sold him I might have had the rich lands of Movilao.

"Hark, my little mocon," returns Codréano, softly, "I must have thy horse, for I desire him so ardently, and God is good. Give him to me then at once; I wish to try if he goes well, and if he pleases me I will give thee my soul for him."

The mocon at length yields his horse. Codréano mounts upon the fiery steed, and gives him the rein. The horse goes so fast that mountains and valleys seem all mingled in one confused mass.

The mocon is much distressed. "By thine eyebrows," he cries, "I might have known thou wert a thief!" But, smothering his wrath, he calls after Codréano to return his horse, or give him the waggon and eight oxen which he promised.

"Not so, my little mocon," answers the robber, contemptuously; "you had better make me a present of him."

So saying, and delighted with his murgo, he rides away to an inn, where he feasts and quaffs with Santa, the beautiful hostess, but does not dream of paying, though he drinks the rich wine of Catnari. When he has finished his carousal he mounts his horse and rides towards Capo, where he lives. But the Poterasi ride after him. Codréano sees that the Albanians are pursuing him, but he feigns indifference, and having by this time another appetite, he sits down to supper.

"Surrender, Codréano!" says the Potera, entering his house. "Surrender, or die."

Codréano, who is hospitably inclined, and

probably still in a good humour with his new acquisition, replies, "that his mutton is fat and tender, and that his wine is old." He requests the Poterasi to partake of some refreshment.

But the Albanians have a dull ear for pleasantry. They fire their pistols at Codréano, who only smiles, and plucking the balls out of the flesh with his fingers, loads his durda with them and cries, indignantly:—

"Ill betide ye! Pagan robbers! I will feed my dogs with your bones; you are fit for nothing else." Then, firing off his durda, most of the Albanians lie weltering in their blood. Their chief, however, Leonti (may the earth swallow him!) takes off the silver buttons from his vest, and loading his carbine with them, discharges it in a most unjustifiable manner at Codréano. The robber is wounded, and growing angry at this, hurls his baltac at Leonti and cuts off his head. The head of Leonti rolls in the dust, but his body has learned good manners, and still stands bowing before Codréano.

After this the Brave, weakened by his wound, falls upon his knees, sustaining himself with his hands, and in this position he is surrounded by the Potera and taken.

They carry him prisoner to Jassy, where he is brought before Ilics, reigning Prince of Moldavia. Ilics is seated on a divan, and holds a sceptre in his hands. Near to the Prince is seated a Turk from Stamboul.

"Codréano," says the Prince, "tell my highness truly how many Christians hast thou slain?"

"My lord," replies Codréano, "I swear to your highness I have never slain a Christian, though I have killed many pagans. Whenever I met with a Christian I shared my goods with him. If he had two horses I took but one, and left him the other. If he had twenty piastres I gave him back ten: but when I met with a Turk I took his head, and left him his body."

"The thick-lipped Turk, who was seated on the divan beside the Prince, grew pale at these words and said that if Codréano lived another

year he would drive the Turks out of the country. Then turning to the Prince, he urged him to show no mercy to Codréano, who was capable of carrying off his wife, and killing him.

But Codréano answered with much coolness and dignity, "Let not my lord listen to these strangers, who will be the ruin of us."

"Off with his head!" cries the Prince: "but stay; first send for a confessor!"

Then the gates are opened, and the famous robber led out. They seat him in the vestibule of the church; his hands and feet are shackled with irons, but a confessor is beside him.

"Holy man," cries the robber meekly, "unbind my hands that I may make the sign of the cross before I die." The priest unbinds his right hand, and Codréano searches in his bosom for his palosh. With his palosh he cuts the fetters which bind him, and is free. Then going beneath the windows of the Prince, he reproves him sternly.

"Open thy windows, my lord," he says, "that

we may hear and see each other. Then learn, O Prince, that it is unworthy of thee to seek the life of a brave like me."

The Prince conceals himself in the cellars of the palace, and the Albanians close the gates of the courtyard.

"Then," cries Codréano, "O my gallant steed, where art thou? thou mightst save my life."

The horse hears his master's summons in the stable, and comes out plunging joyously, with his tail flowing in the wind, and his crest erect. Codréano mounts, and springing over the walls he says, tauntingly—

"Farewell, Sir Prince! Stay safely on thy throne while I go back to my kingdom, and God save thee, my lord, for thou hast little wit."

THE FERENTAR'S DAUGHTER.

"My beloved is gone to the wars; and since he left me I have known no joy. When he went I bridled his charger, and I gave him my heart in a kiss."

So sung Marie the beautiful maiden, and tears sparkled upon her cheeks, like the dews of morning upon a flowret.

But as she sings she hears the dear voice of her lover. He has returned alone from the wars, and says to her, "I have left my comrades upon the battle-field, and I am come back to thee, O my beloved; for without thee I can dwell no longer in the world!"

"Unhappy knight, what ravest thou?" answers the fair maiden. "There is no one

here to welcome thee, not even thy bride; but if thou canst not live without me, O my beloved, I will go with thee to the wars."

They both mount upon their coursers, and as they ride through the lovely and shady valleys these words are long heard through the silence of the night—

"If thou canst not live without me, O my beloved, I can go with thee to the wars, and we can die together for our country, O my beloved."

BOUJOR.

Boujor the robber is making the whole country ring with the fame of his crimes. He never murders anybody; but he hates the Boyars, and whenever any of them fall into his hands he compels them to give money to the poor.

"Up my merry men!" cries Boujor to his band; "follow me; I know the way we must take over the mountain. I know the spot where the flocks are feeding and the limpid waters flow. I know the place where we shall find gold and young maidens, and pretty wives." While the band prepare to depart there is a soft voice heard through the valley—the voice of a young girl. Boujor is pleading to her for a kiss. On

the banks of a rivulet two young women are washing the corn; Boujor has his arm encircling their waists. A fair maid is gathering flowers in her garden; and it is again Boujor who is whispering of love to her.

At the frontier town of Focchiani there is an old road-side inn standing in the shadow of some trees. Boujor has arrived there, and is soon by the side of Anitza, the beautiful hostess. She intoxicates the brigand chief with kisses and his followers with wine.

"Anitza, my beloved," says the insinuating Boujor, who seems to have been as fond of the ladies as an Irishman, "may I ask thee for a scarlet flower? thou wilt find it on thy lips."

"I will give thee the flower, Stefanica Boujor," replies the hostess; "come, cull it with thy kisses; but drink no wine, for the Poterasi are near us."

"Let them come, I fear not," replies Boujor, boldly; "my sabre lies upon the board."

The consequence of this is that Boujor comes

to grief, as most vain-glorious people do. He neglects the warning of the pretty hostess. The Poterasi arrive, and he is borne away to prison. The court is struck with awe at his appearance.

"Famous Stefanica," asks the judge, respectfully, putting the usual question, "how many men hast thou murdered?"

The robber replies, scornfully, that he has never murdered anybody, but that he has beaten a great many Boyars.

"Stefanica," then says the judge, "if thou wouldst live, say where thy riches are hidden."

"I have hidden my wealth in the hollows of trees, that the poor may find it," answers the robber, coldly.

The next day Boujor dies upon the scaffold, and the poor mourn over him, for they have lost a friend.

FÀT LOGOFÀT.

"Oh stay! Fàt Logofât! of the fair wavy locks, for yonder upon the hill top a black Balaur is awaiting thee."

"Fair maiden with the laughing mien and with the silken sash, I fear not the Balaur, for I am armed."

"Rash youth, with thy glance of fire and handsome with all beauty, the Balaur is strong and wicked; oh stay!"

"Angel of the stars, with the dove-eyes and lily cheeks, the Zméui all tremble at my name."

"Great warrior, with thy gilded arms and with thy gentle voice, the Balaur plants his footsteps on the mountain and touches the violet skies with his lofty crest."

"Bird of the mountains with thy flower-dyed wings, when I bestride my murgo he can spring with me from sea to sea, and his feet spurn the clouds."

"O Fàt Logofàt, with the wavy hair and gentle voice, with the bright smile and fearless heart, do not leave these halls; for I love thee. Oh stay!"

"Sweet maid, with every beauty, if thou lovest me then will I try to be worthy of thy love."

So, deaf to the pleading of the maiden, he kills the Balaur and returns to make her his bride.

SALGA.

On the banks of the Danube, near the dwelling of Salga, there is a band of brigands. They flash their paloshes in the eyes of the Schobani, and the Schobani allow themselves to be bound without resistance. Their faithful dogs too are all killed. But it is against Bacio, the chief of the shepherds, that the anger of the robbers is chiefly directed. He is seized and bound.

"Captain Rarakatuci Vatachel of five hundred Haiduci!" cries Bacia, "if you have ever done a good action, do one now and unbind my hands." The robber complies, and the captive shepherd takes a *bricium d'ore* from his bosom, and the valleys soon resound with its tender and appealing notes.

The leaves on the trees tremble, and the fish come up to the surface of the listening waves of the Danube.

The beautiful Salga, the lady of the valley, hears the plaintive echoes from afar, and tells her mother-in-law that she fears the Schobani have lost their horses or mistaken their road, and so fallen into the hands of the brigands.

Elderly mothers-in-law, however, have usually no confidence in anything. They are as a rule averse to being disturbed; she therefore considers the question will be best disposed of by Salga going to bed. The Schobani, she says, always play those melancholy tunes when they think of home. This sensible speech, however, is hardly ended when the same sound is heard again, but still more wild and plaintive.

"Up! up! my braves," cries Salga, refusing any further parley with her mother-in-law. "To your arms! and saddle my steed; I will ride with you to the rescue."

She speaks, and mounting on horseback she

rides towards the Danube with her followers shouting, whistling, and brandishing their arms in the air.

The brigands, who perceive her approach, take hastily to flight; Salga pursues them crying—

"Hold, hold! whither so fast, Rarakatuci Vatachel of the five hundred Haiduci! Wait at least to wrestle with me the Luptadrèpta, or to parley and handle our arms; for I have sworn that I will teach thee, bold youth, how to bind the arms of shepherds, and to steal their flocks."

Captain Rarakatuci Vatachel of the five hundred Haiduci however rides on, never daring even to turn his eyes. But Salga follows close after him, and at length overtaking him she cuts off his head and avenges the Schobani; thus showing what even the feeble arm of a woman can do in a just cause.

THE MALEDICTION.

A YOUTH and a maiden are ascending a steep mountain. The youth sings gaily, and caresses his courser. But the maiden walks wearily by his side, ever sighing.

"Let me mount up behind thee, young lover," she pleads gently, "for I am tired; the road is stony and I cannot walk."

"I would take thee up behind," replies the youth, "but I cannot. My charger is small and his feet are delicate. He can now hardly bear my body and its sins, my harness and my arms."

"Thy heart is pitiless," answers the girl wildly. "Thou hast stolen me from my kindred, and now abandon me in this desert! God grant that thou thyself may fall into slavery among the

Turks, that thy feet and hands may be shackled with irons, that love and remorse may haunt thee in thy saddest days, that my misery may come home to thee, that thy steed may fail thee, that thou mayst bite the dust in shame, that thou mayst be nine times wedded and have nine sons; then, that thou mayst marry again, and have a daughter ere one comes to bring thee water in thy prison."

But the youth still rides a-singing on his way.*

* There is something very naive and Wallack about this ballad.

RICH AND POOR.

A LITTLE below the mill there is a small inn, and there side by side sit two wayfarers, a rich man and poor one. The rich man's heart swells with pride as he gives the host a ban to bring some wine for his companion.

The poor man, however, laughs disdainfully, and calling the host, he gives him a zlot, and proposes in turn to treat his neighbour.

"Poor wretch!" cries the rich man, "wouldst thou compare thyself with me? Thou hast not even a shirt, while my flocks and herds cover the plain. Thou canst not offer wine to me; we are not equals."

"What matters?" answers the poor man. "If you have lands and wealth, are not riches like the

mountain torrent, which to-day swells and roars in the sunshine, but to-morrow is dried up? Hast thou not as many cares as cattle? for wherever the flock is there is the wolf also."

"Poor wretch!" replies the rich man; "I would have had pity on thee, but for thy sneer."

"And thou Miserable, with all thy wealth," answers the poor man. "If thou hast flocks and herds, I have banquets of fruits and flowers. Thou hast gold in thy kimir (girdle); I have a palosh in mine, to protect life and honour. Thou hast stately halls; I have the wide plain with the azure sky all spangled over with gold for roof. What it takes thee a whole summer to win, I can gain by robbery in a single day. What ho! then, mine host! Bring wine enough, and fear not for the cost. When the poor man treats his friends, he pays for the feast with his blood!"

MIHO THE YOUNG.

Upon a narrow path of Mont Barlat stands Miho the Young with the air of a peacock. He beguiles the silence of the rocks with his flute. It is midnight when he mounts his little horse. The forest is gloomy, the night dark, and the road very rough. The flints flash fire under the hoofs of his steed. He passes by, and disappears in the forest. He breaks away the green wood noisily with his hands, and the rocks resound with the crash. He passes, and speaks thus to his steed—

"Up! up! my little murgo. Do not leave the beaten track, or we shall fall into the chasm. Does the saddle gall thee, or the bridle pinch, that thou laggest so?"

"Master, the saddle does not gall, or the bridle pinch me," answers the murgo. "That which irks me is, that I know forty and five brigands lurk near here. They are feasting in yonder valley, beneath the rock on the borders of the forest. They have a stone table, split into four parts, and inscribed with golden letters like that of a book. Yanousch, the Hungarian, is sitting with them: his long beard, grown gray in crimes, falls upon his breast, and descends beneath his broad belt. He has a keen sword and a hard heart. Near him are some bold Hungarian youths, who left their parents when but children. They are brave and enterprising; they have empty purses and broad shoulders; they wear high hats, and long hair which falls upon their shoulders. Woe to thee and to me if they hear us!"

"On! on! my steed! and fear not; for I am stout-hearted. Trust to my strong arm, my broad chest, and my terrible sword!"

The little horse continues his road, and Miho speaks again—

"On! on! my little murgo! to yonder valley, where the beautiful woods are carpeted with green grass, and the wild flowers grow."

But Yanousch, who has risen from table to toast one of his comrades, turns pale; for he hears borne upon the breeze at intervals the sound of some one singing. The song is a song sung by the braves; and then come the notes of an ivory flute of intoxicating sweetness. He rises and addresses his band—

"Listen, lads, and belt on your swords; for I hear the sound of a flute coming through the leaves of the forest. Away! and stop this minstrel beneath yon poplar trees near the bridge. If the traveller is a brave, let him go unharmed; but if he is a dastard, spoiled by luxury and wantonness, give him a box on the ear, and send him about his business."

The Hungarians go away from the feast to wait for Miho, who looks at them contemptuously, and says—

"Brave warriors, he who sent you to waylay me desired only to get rid of you."

He speaks and draws his sword. Some are slain or wounded, and lie weltering in their blood; the rest take to flight. Miho continues his way through the trees, and approaches Yanousch, the brigand chief.

"To your lances, my braves!" cries Yanousch. "Strike him down with your lances! Forward with your carbines!"

"Away with your lances and your carbines!" answers the brave. "I am Miho the Young; and I only want to play upon my ivory flute."*

Miho plays upon his flute with an air so passionate, but withal so soft and tender, that

* It might not be going too far to say, that the Wallachs owe a great part of their national poetry to the passionate love of music, and exquisite sense of the beauties of nature. Indeed, I know nothing more touching than the wild simple tones of the shepherds' pipes, as they come down from the mountains with their straggling flocks and herds. Nor can I wonder that, nourished in such scenes as are to be found among their native hills, and soothed by such sounds, they delight in the mysterious and supernatural. In giving the character of the shepherd, you have almost that of the Wallachian people.

the mountains answer, the eagles gather round, the fir-trees wave, the torrents stay their murmurs, and the stars sparkle and faint away. The Hungarians are enchanted; and Yanousch, changing his tone, invites the minstrel to supper.

"Sit down, my brave," he says, "and amuse us during the feast; afterwards we will wrestle together."

They sit down to table, making merry and drinking toasts; but after the repast Miho the Moldavian and Yanousch the Hungarian begin to wrestle, the Hungarians watching keenly every turn of the struggle. The combatants press their chests and knees together, and writhe and grapple with each other like two lions. But at last Miho seizes Yanousch in his arms and throws him to the ground; then placing him upon his knees, draws the terrible sword, and cuts the robber's head off.

The Hungarians are silent with amazement. Miho throws down his sword, and says to them—

"Whoever among you is strong enough to lift my sword as it lies there may follow me, and I will be his chief."

The Hungarians try to raise the sword, but in vain.

Then Miho says to them contemptuously—

"Leave the woods, my lads, and return again to the plough. You will make better husbandmen than robbers."

After which he picks up the sword, mounts his horse, and rides away, making the woods musical with the tones of his ivory flute, so tender and passionate.*

* I have given this ballad and the following a translation almost word for word, that the reader may see something more of the style than in the others.

THE RING AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.

He was the son of a king, young and strong as the fir-tree of the rocks. He had wedded a young maiden, a daughter of the people, loved by all who looked upon her. She was fair as the flower of the field, or as the first beams of the morning.

And when the Prince was called away to the wars, he said to her, "My dear wife, take this little ring, and wear it for my sake. If it turns black thou wilt know that I am dead."

"My dear husband," answered his bride, "take thou also this handkerchief, embroidered over with gold; if the gold wears away thou wilt know that I am dead."

He mounts upon his courser, and rides away

to the war; but halts upon the way and reposes beneath the shadow of the trees. There he gazes upon the handkerchief which his wife had given him; his heart beats wildly. "Wait for me here, my dear and gallant comrades. I have forgotten my trusty sword," says the Prince. He speaks and retraces his steps; but on the road he meets a page on horseback. "Welcome! my brave lad! what news? Whence comest thou?" asks the Prince eagerly.

"My lord, the tidings I bring may be glad to others, but not to thee; thy sire has cast thy bride into the river."

At the words of the page tears come into the young Prince's eyes. "Take my steed, boy, and lead it to my sire. If he asks thee what has become of me, say that I plunged into the river to seek my beloved wife."

The King causes the bed of the river to be dried up; they find his two children stretched upon the sands—his children, with their golden hair and rosy cheeks!

They are borne to the church and buried there. The young Prince is buried beneath the altar, and towards the east; and his bride in the aisle, towards the west. Over the tomb of the youth there grows a yew-tree which overshadows the church; and the tomb of his bride is festooned with the tender shoots of the vine which spread and mingle with the branches of the beloved yew-tree.

GRUË GROSAVUL.

NEAR Jalpèn, on the banks of the Neister, is a mountain whose summit reached the heavens. It is inhabited by the Sméoe and the Zernoe; but upon it is encamped an army, whose tents spread far and wide. Above all the rest rises a tent made of carpets of many colours; it has silken cords and silver pegs to fasten them. It is so magnificent that it might be the tent of a queen from a far country.

There lays Ghirai, the aged Khan of the Tartars; his dress is simple, and his only weapon a handjar, mounted with precious stones. Around him are a band of small-eyed Tartars; they are kneeling before the Khan upon a soft carpet; but at the door of the tent is a Roumàn, with his

arms bound; it is Gruë Grosavul. Two Tartars are preparing a stake to impale him; two others loading him with taunts and insults; but Gruë is singing joyously.

The Tartar women also, the mazaques, or wives of the chiefs of the army, appear before the Khan, and thus address him, "Avenge us, O Khan, upon this man Gruë, for he has slain many of our people; he has made their wives widows, and their daughters orphans; he has devastated the Boujak and half of the Crimea." So the Khan draws his sword, and says to Gruë in a terrible voice, "Gruë!—renowned, brave!—hope no mercy from me; but tell me hast thou indeed slain many Tartars?" Gruë answers tauntingly, "Venerable Lord Khan, leave thy sword in thy belt, for I am a Roumàn, and cannot quake before a pagan. I care not for thy mercy, but I will tell the truth. I have killed a great many Tartars since I invaded the Boujak. I have made many widows, and your maidens have wept themselves old because of me. When I passed

the Pruth I had a bridge made to carry home my riches, and my chariots were laden with young women (mursaques). But put up thy sword, my venerable Lord Khan; let me die as a Christian, not as a pagan. Let me confess to a Christian priest, for I am a great sinner. I defiled thy sister; I slew thy mother; and I cut off thy brother's head."

The Khan forgot his sword as he gazed on the terrible captain, and commanded a guard of fifty strong men to accompany Gruë to a confessor. While the Tartars are conducting him thither he makes the sign of the cross, and, calling on God for help, he springs upon the Tartars. He soon makes himself master of a sword, and fights like an angry lion. The Tartars take to flight.

Gruë now goes into the stables of the Khan; at the door he meets a black horse, ready caparisoned, who has never seen the sun. He springs upon this horse, and embraces it; thus mounted he appears before the Khan, green and

ominous sparks flashing from his eyes. The Khan sighs, and offers him pardon and liberty, merely preferring a request that he will never part with his horse to a Wallack.

Gruë replies, with a scornful laugh, "Knows not the venerable Lord Khan that I am a Roumàn, and therefore the brother of every generous steed? Fear not therefore for the horse; but if thou hast any more such, and gallant cavaliers to ride them, bid them mount and follow me into yon sweet valley."

The Khan makes a sign, and the Tartars are soon on horseback. They hasten down into the valley, forming into rank, and defile one by one in hot pursuit of the fugitive. The black horse, ridden by Gruë, however, does not go as horses usually gallop, but springs over dyke and morass like a hare.

"Poor pagan Tartars! you will never see to-morrow's sun! For lo! Gruë makes a sudden halt; and, springing upon you with his mad black steed, sabres you down one after the

other. He takes away your riches and cures your ills."

Gruë subsequently passes into Moldavia, where his end is very edifying. He converts the pagans, and .baptises them, giving a tretin to every male convert, and a tretine to every female after the ceremony. He also gives dowers to maidens when they marry, and builds churches for their weddings, without being ever again disturbed by the Tartars.

THE SUN AND THE MOON.

For nine long years the bright sun has been seeking for a bride, and nine coursers have grown weary with the fatigue of his journeys; for he has travelled through earth and air with the speed of an arrow or the wind. He has tired his steeds, but he has not found a mate. The only maiden who has met with favour in his sight is his sister Ilena Cozinzena.

"Be my bride, sweet sister Ilena Cozinzena," pleads the brilliant Day God; "our hair is of the same golden hue, and we are equally beautiful. I am the brighter, but thou the gentler; mine eyes are the most ardent, but thine are the most soft."

"O bright and spotless brother," answers

Ilena Cozinzena, mournfully; "a brother and a sister may not marry, for it would be a sin!"

The Sun darkens at these words, and addresses himself to God, praying that he may marry his sister Ilena Cozinzena, since in earth or air there is no maiden so beautiful.

The angry Deity motions him to follow, and leads him through hell and paradise; through the one to frighten the Sun, and through the other to delight him. He then bids him choose between them.

And the Sun shining brightly answers—"Better hell than that I should wander for ever lonely through the world! Yes, even hell with Ilena Cozinzena."

Then the Sun returns to his betrothed, and places a crown of gold upon her brow; the crown of a queen. He gives her also a robe made of precious stones of as many colours as the rainbow, and then leads her rebelliously to the altar.

But there the lamps go out, and the walls of

the temple shake and tremble. The priests are struck dumb and their sacred robes fall off. The beautiful bride, horror stricken, sees an iron hand descend from the heavens; it seizes and casts her into the sea.

Then the Sun grows pale, and rising into the air, he sets towards the west, descending into the waters, where his bride has disappeared.

But the offended Deity stretches forth his hand over the sea, and changing Ilena Cozinzena into a golden sphere, she becomes the Moon. An awful voice is then heard in the heavens, pronouncing the doom of the disobedient. "Thou Ilena Cozinzena, and thou bright and spotless Sun! Ye shall gaze upon each other from afar, and follow each other through illimitable space for evermore, drawing nearer never!"

BOGDAN.

—✦—

Upon his throne of gold is seated Stéfan, the famous Domn of Moldavia. The hall is filled with rich and brave Boyars, and with Hetmans and Vestiars. Suddenly a ray of light seems to gleam upon the assembly, but it does not proceed from the sun or the stars: it is Bogdan, the young Prince who is kneeling before his aged sire.

"Grant me, O my father," says the Prince, "permission to wed with the maiden I love! She is not the daughter of a king, but of a wealthy renegade; yet she is beautiful as a star, gentle as a bird, modest as a flower."

Stéfan gives Bogdan his benediction and embraces him. The young Prince then departs for the house of his bride, accompanied by an

escort of fifty brave and handsome youths. When they arrive there, however, the maiden's father closes the gates upon them and announces, "that whoever is to be his son-in-law must spring over the wall and open the gate for himself; that the renegade may judge of the strength and ability of his future kinsman." The young Prince springs over the wall and opens the gate.

The renegade twirls his moustache with great satisfaction at this feat, but being naturally a man of a doubting character, he introduces the Prince to three young ladies all exactly resembling each other and equally beautiful. They are like three flowers on one stem. The Prince gazes upon them, and his eyes sparkle. But the renegade, resolving to prove the Prince's discernment thoroughly, before admitting him into his family, has another trial in store, and says that his future son-in-law must recognise his bride before he will be allowed to marry her.

Then Bogdan after a little reflection, bethinks

him of a notable plan to get out of his embarrassment. He takes the ring from his finger and throwing it haughtily down on the carpet, says, he has a sabre which can cut off young ladies' heads; but, that whoever will overlook this circumstance and take him as he is, may pick up the ring. His bride, the youngest of the sisters, meantime recognising him, she kneels down on the carpet and picks up the ring; though her eyes are blinded with tears, and she looks like a lily overcharged with dew and bending in the breeze.

When she has meekly placed the ring upon her finger, Bogdan kisses her forehead, and the trial of his skill being now considered satisfactory, the Prince and his Doins lead the young lady to the altar. There is a magnificent wedding procession; the Doins being followed by their ladies, who look like a moving flower garden; while wild bands, handsome young cavaliers, whirl their managed coursers round and round in fantastic evolutions, discharging their fire-arms in the air.

THE TARTAR.

"TARTAR, rein in thy steed! Hold fast thy bridle, Tartar! Tartar, try not to pass the river; or, by the cross of my father there shall remain no vestige of thee or of thy steed, Tartar!"

* * * * * *

"Tartar! where is now thy sword, and where thy gallant steed? Where is thy pride, Tartar? I warned thee not to pass the river; and now the crow is feeding on thy bosom, Tartar!"

CONSTANDIN BRANCOVANO.

"To arms! my Braves, to arms! Gird on your swords, and seize your trustiest spears, for a pasha is bearing down upon us with his pagan army."

So cries Brancovano; but he has hardly spoken, when the Turkish hordes appear in sight, and after an obstinate battle he and his three sons are taken prisoners. They are put on board a vessel and carried to a fortress by the seaside.

"Constandin Brancovano," says the pasha; "if thou wouldst save the lives of thy children, thou must become a Turk."

"Pagan infidel," replies the Christian prince disdainfully. "Thou mayst murder my children,

but I will not abandon my faith. Do with us as thou wilt."

The pasha grows pale with rage, and sends for two black executioners. They choose the eldest of the children, a fair-haired delicate boy, and place him upon a chair. After his eyes, which are wet with tears, have been bandaged, he is beheaded.

A deep sigh breaks from the stern heart of the bereaved father, but he only says, "Lord, thy will be done."

The executioners then take his second child, whose golden hair curls in clusters over his little forehead, and whose large blue eyes are swollen with crying. He is beheaded also.

Brancovano sighs again, and his pale lips repeat the same pious ejaculation as before. The pasha is moved by such fortitude, and his heart feels a momentary pity. "Thou hadst three children, Brancovano," says the pasha, pausing a moment in his bloody work, "thou hast lost two, but—save the third."

"God is great," answers the broken-hearted father. "I was born a Roumàn and a Christian; so will I die." Then, turning to his sole remaining son, he says: "And thou, my little child, do not weep, lest thou shouldst unman me; but die in the true faith, and thou shalt inherit the skies." The pasha then makes the fatal sign, and the third child is placed on a chair and beheaded also.

"Thy will be done, Lord!" ejaculates Brancovano once again, and then everything grows dark to his eyes; his heart is breaking.

"May my curse light upon you, O Turks," he cries at last, in his anguish, "for having murdered my children. May you be yet swept from the earth like clouds before the wind. May you lie unburied, and have no child to close your eyes."

Brancovano falls also beneath the same sword as his children, while the Turks surround him and ask tauntingly, "where are his children."

"Turks and Tartars, wicked race!" now

exclaims the author, unable any longer to suppress his indignation at these proceedings. "Ye may also some day murder me, but the world shall nevertheless learn that Constandin Brancovano died like a hero and a Roumàn."

SERB SERAC.

In the streets of the city of Stamboul wanders Serb Serac. He is young and handsome, but so poor that his equal in poverty is not to be found anywhere. These are good times, however, for handsome adventurers, and a fair face is always a fortune. He is mounted upon a noble courser, and he wanders first to the right and then to the left; taking now one street and now another; while his horse neighs so loudly, that the Turks perceiving it is one of the famous breed of the Boujak, offer the rider its weight in gold to sell it. Serb Serac answers "that he will not sell his horse, because it is swift and beautiful, and shaped like a little Zmeu."

Meantime the Sultan's niece, who is daughter to the Khan of Tartary, chances to see Serb

Serac riding upon his noble horse, while looking through the rafas of her lattice. She falls in love with the handsome cavalier, and telling him so with charming *naïveté*, bids him come beneath her window. There she gives him enough inzluci (Turkish money), to have his horse shod with silver, that he may go the swifter. She tells him also that to-day being Wednesday, to-morrow is Thursday, when the Turks ride a race for the Halca, at Haida Pasha. He who wins the prize is to be her husband.

Serb Serac assures her of his devotion, and promises to ride swift as the storm, if she will only repeat that she loves him.

The daughter of the Khan of Tartary replies with the same unembarrassed frankness as before, "that she loves the stranger horseman dearly, but that she fears he will be outridden by the Cuzlar Agassi, or Chief of the Eunuchs. The Cuzlar Agassi is a black man, with thick lips, who has a steed restless as quicksilver, and which has never seen the sun."

The Servian, who has not very correct ideas as to the rights of property, immediately asks where this horse is kept.

"Alas!" replies the lady, despondingly, "it is kept in an obscure cavern underground."

"With what is the horse fed?" asks Serb Serac, after a little reflection; perhaps he may be able to poison it.

"With the enchanted trifoi, gathered on the plains of Boujak," again returns the Khan of Tartary's daughter.

"What does he give the horse to drink now?" asks the Servian, whose resources appear inexhaustible.

"Mare's milk!" replies the Princess, sadly, "and much I fear, that if the Cuzlar Agassi rides in the race, he will claim my hand."

"Fear not!" says the Servian, regaining his courage. "There is no horse equal to mine; I catch all I pursue, I pass by even the birds in their flight."

"So Wednesday passes, and Thursday comes,"

observes the poet, endeavouring by this simple art to prolong the interest of his narrative. It is the race-day, and every one is flocking to Haidar Pasha. There, in the shadow of some far-spreading trees is the Sultan, surrounded by a brilliant court. His highness strokes his black beard, and watches every movement of the riders, among whom is his future kinsman.

"Allah!" ejaculates the poet, "what swift steeds from Tartary. Allah! what beautiful Arabians, whose feet move like the wings of eagles in the air." The excitement grows intense; but the black Cuzlar Agassi surpasses all the rest. Woe, woe to the niece of the Sultan, the daughter of the King of Tartary. Just at this crisis, however, Serb Serac appears upon his Boujak steed; he passes by the Cuzlar Agassi, and distances him easily.

Still the wily negro is not easily disposed of; he tries the subtle craft of his race; and, perceiving that Serb Serac's horse is shod with silver, he calls to him that one of the precious

shoes has fallen off; at the same time he pays the Servian a compliment on his bright eyes. The trick is successful. When was youth a match for age in wiles? Serb Serac draws rein, and, examining the feet of his murgo, finds that he has been deceived. He mounts with the speed of a lion's spring, and urges on his horse; every time he strikes the murgo springs a length of seven stangin; at this pace he soon comes side by side with the Cuzlar Aga. They are stirrup to stirrup, saddle to saddle, and rein to rein. Serb Serac then strikes the negro, and he falls to the ground like a felled-tree. A notable lesson for all deceivers.

The Servian now gallops on his course; and, seizing the Halca, returns and presents it to the Sultan.

The daughter of the Khan of Tartary is watching the return of her lover anxiously, and seated in the highest bower of the garden; but when he is conducted to the seraglio, and the maiden is led out to meet him, she casts down her eyes.

Such is woman!

THE ROSE AND THE SUN.

It is early morning, and a young Princess comes down into her garden to bathe in the silver waves of the sea. The transparent whiteness of her complexion is seen through the slight veil which covers it, and shines through the blue waves like the morning star in an azure sky.

She springs into the sea, and mingles with the silvery rays of the sun, which sparkle on the dimples of the laughing waves.

The Sun stands still to gaze upon her; he covers her with kisses, and forgets his duty. Once, twice, thrice has the Night advanced to take her sceptre and reign over the world. Thrice has she found the Sun upon her way.

Since that day the Lord of the Universe has changed the princess into a rose; and this is why the rose always hangs her head, and blushes when the Sun gazes on her.

VIDRA.

VIDRA, the Catonitza, is wandering through the forest; with her go a band of twelve musicians and three horses laden with sacks of gold. Beside her is Stoën Soimu, the false priest, with his potcop falling over his ears; he has quitted his holy calling to become a brigand. Vidra and the priest walk on in the moonlight, embracing each other, while the mountains ring to the music of the band. So the day passes.

The next morning Stoën washes his face and combs his black hair, after which he bids Vidra make some colaks* for his braves, and then proposes to set out in the costiga with two

* Cakes.

oxen to see their parents, who live beyond the mountains.

They depart at daybreak on this expedition, and Stoën urges the oxen upon the road with inconsiderate speed; they groan with pain and weariness; the costiga creaks ominously; but they still push on, and at noonday they dine upon the grass beneath the shadow of some spreading trees. Vidra prepares the feast, thinking of nothing beyond the enjoyment of the hour as it flies.

Suddenly Stoën remembers that Vidra has never sung to him since their marriage, and he bids her sing one of the songs the brigands love best; he says it will make him young again to hear her.

"Stoën, ask it not," replies Vidra. "If I sing a robber song in the soft voice of a woman, the waters will grow troubled; the fir-trees will bend; the mountains tremble; and the echoes will carry my song to the Paunas of the mountains. The lover of all women and maidens—the brave of braves—will hear me."

"Fear not," answers her companion; "for I am Stoën the priest, and Satan himself trembles before me!"

Vidra sings, and the terrible Paunas at once makes his appearance.

"What ho! Longbeard, the priest of yesterday, the brigand of to-day," says the redoubtable Paunas, "what brings you here upon my lands?"

"Of what lands do you speak, miserable wretch?" answers Stoën. "The lands are neither thine nor mine, but God's!"

"Ho, ho! Stoën, with the long beard," laughs the Paunas scornfully; "many words waste time; give up thy pretty Vidra, and begone."

"Not so, my friend," answers the brigand; "thou must first win her."

"Give me then thy steed, and depart in peace," says the Paunas.

"Nay," replies Stoën; "my horse is a gift from my father-in-law."

"Give me then thy poignard, to atone for this

trespass on my lands," says the Paunas, growing reasonable.

"Take it, my little friend," answers the priest, "if thine arm is as strong as thy words are big."

They then begin to wrestle; after the struggle has lasted some minutes Stoën begins to give way; his belt falls to the ground, and his poignard galls him.

"Help! help! Vidra!" cries the priest. "Come quickly, and gird on my belt."

"Nay, Stoën Soimu," replies his wife; "the struggle must be fair, and he who conquers shall be my husband."

When Stoën hears this he grows furious with rage; and, seizing his adversary with his whole strength, overthrows him in the dust, and then cuts off his head. Then, returning to his wife with a terrible frown, he says—

"When I was struggling for my life I called on thee for help; but thou hadst no pity on me. Is this true?"

"It is true, Stoën. I said, and I would say

again," answers the Catonitza bravely, "that I love a man who can fight without the aid of a woman."

Stoën then bids her prepare for death.

He now proceeds alone to the house of his mother-in-law, who asks him for her daughter.

"She is yonder in the fields," answers Stoën; but he has scarcely spoken when he falls down dead.

THE MAID OF COSIA.

THE foe are flying, for their chieftain is slain, and the Roumàns, intoxicated with victory, repose beneath their tents. All gather round a young man of gentle mien, who has performed prodigies of valour.

"Behold!" cry the fierce warriors of Thepesch the Duke. "Behold, O Domn! the young captain, who slew the chief of our foes and so won the victory."

The Duke of the Wallachs receives the young chieftain warmly. He embraces, and places him on his right hand.

"Will'st thou gold or titles?" asks the duke. "Thou shalt have all thou canst desire."

"I wish for neither gold nor titles, O Domn,"

answers the young captain proudly. "I came to fight against the enemies of my country, not in the vile hope of gaining riches."

Then says the Duke, "Thou art young and handsome; I will give you the hand of my daughter in marriage."

The young captain replies archly, that the Duke's daughter is indeed modest and beautiful, but that she must find another husband. As he speaks he raises his glittering helmet, and as its plume of white and scarlet sweeps the ground, long golden locks fall down to the young warrior's shoulders. The braves around are enchanted, and a young virgin beautiful as happiness stands confessed before them.

But the Duke's son is more than all captivated. "List young and gentle girl," pleads the Prince. "If thou wilt be my bride, I swear to live and die for thee only."

At these words the young maid blushes, like a rose in early summer. She then inclines her head, and shading her dark blue eyes with their

golden lashes, she answers—"If thou wouldst win me for a bride, sir Knight, thou must live and die for thy country."

THE DOVE AND THE COUCOU.

The Coucou.—Pretty Dove, sweet little bird, wilt thou be my love?

The Dove.—I would love thee indeed for thine own sake, but I cannot because of thy mother. She is jealous. If I were to love thee she would say that I loved thee too much, and scold when I caressed thee.

The Coucou.—Do not be so cruel, pretty Dove. Be, oh be my bride!

The Dove.—Nay! I will not even listen to thee. Leave me alone, for to escape thy kisses I will take the form of a reed!

The Coucou.—Whatever form thou takest, yet I will not leave thee. If thou shouldst become a reed, I will turn into a shepherd, and come to

look for thee near the waters of the lake. I will take thee for a flute, and thus cover thee ever with my burning kisses.

The Dove.—Nay, I will not listen to thee, my little Coucou, my bird with the pretty speckled plumage. I tell thee again, I could love thee were it not for thy mother; but to escape thy kisses, I will take the form of a saint's image in some quiet church.

The Coucou.—Whatever form thou takest, I will follow thee ever! I will change into a demure little man, properly bigoted and hypocritical, and I will come into thy church. There I will pray to thee, and cover thee ever with my kisses and tears; and thou shalt not escape from me, my little Dove.*

* This appears to be a fragment, though there is enough to show that lovers are as wilful, and mothers-in-law as redoubtable in Wallachia as elsewhere.

BALAURUL THE SERPENT.

I HAVE seen the pride of the fields; it was by the road side, near the town of Paromb. But it was not a flower; it was the green eye of the Balaur, which should be neither seen nor dreamed of.

He had devoured the half of a young man well armed, and the youth cried, "Help me, brave traveller, or the serpent will swallow me."

A beautiful youth on a black courser, who is seen coming along the road, prepares to rescue him. But the serpent addresses him thus: "Begone, thou rogue of a horseman, if thou wilt not share the same fate as thy countryman!"

"Serpent," replied the cavalier, "if you

swallow up my poor brother I will cut off your head."

"Cut it off or not," answered the Balaur, "I will not give up this man; his mother gave him to me when she rocked him as an infant in his cradle, and said that the serpent should take him if he did not sleep quietly."*

But the cavalier drew his sword and killed the serpent. He saved the youth and carried him to a cottage. There he bathed him in milk. So the youth and the cavalier dwelt together for ever afterwards, and passed their lives in killing serpents.

* There seems to be a hidden political meaning in this.

THE BANQUET.

The warriors sleep beneath their tents, and the moon like a sphere of gold rises slowly over the mountain. Michai the brave, however, is seated upon a lofty rock, feasting with his captains. But his heart is not there, and he alone covers his face with his august hands, in deep thought.

Life passes away like the waters of a laughing rivulet, when kind Hope but smiles upon us. So the hours winged their pleasant flight away, and dark care kept far from the revellers.

The moonlight falls in a silver flood upon their figures, and the south wind toys with their long hair. The goblets of gold are filled with the generous vine of Catnari, and the captains drink

to the health of their chief. Michai the brave rises :—

"Drink not life and health to me," answers the famous chieftain, sadly, "for it is death that I wish to you! Life without freedom is a day without the sun; a night without a star. Those who would live on beneath the yoke of a tyrant merit their chains. Their souls are as base as their destiny. But the Roumàn loves not fields without flowers, and days without festivals. Cut the wings of the eagle so that he cannot fly, and he will disdain to live.

"So is the Roumàn. So let us be. We will never bow our heads tamely beneath the yoke of a barbarian. Let us drink then to death, not to life; to the death of the patriot, not to the health of the slave."

MICHAI SAVING THE STANDARD.

NIGHT descends upon the world, and pearls are falling from her eyes upon the flowers of the field.

Well may the Night weep, for a hero, the last warrior who still lives of the Wallachian army, defends himself, single-handed, in the valley.

He is alone; Death cradles with his fleshless hand the braves who have fallen into the sleep of the tomb.

The warrior, unable to make head against his foes, presses the standard to his heart, and his fiery courser springs over every barrier and flies with him through the gloom, like a pale phantom, carried away by the winds.

His courser flies towards the banks of the

Moresch, the Hungarian cavaliers following close upon him; while the moon, as she sits behind the mountain, gives him a parting smile to light him on his way.

The Wallach hero arrives upon the banks of the river, and steed and rider spring together into the roaring tide. The Hungarian cavaliers draw rein, affrighted. Those who brave the river sink, and re-appear no more.

Michaï crosses the water safely, and then unbridling his steed, embraces him, and exclaims: "Away! thou art free for evermore."

MIHNÉA DOMNU AND RUDOLPH CALOFIRESCO.

FAR away in the capital of Wallachia, the greatest of the Boyards are feasting with their Prince.

But who is that sitting at the bottom of the table. It is the Prince Mihnéa, and on his right hand are the two brothers Bouzesci, and the three brothers Caplesci. They are the most famous of his warriors, and the terror of the foe. During the banquet they compliment the Prince.

Rudolph Calofiresco, in hot haste, kneels before the Prince, disturbing the banquet. He is accompanied by his squire Nedéa, who is his bosom friend and counsellor.

"Prince," exclaims Rudolph, "I wish you long and happy years and many victories. But knowst not, my lord, that the Tartars have ravaged my lands, and carried away my children, my mother, and my young wife?

"Give me the brothers Buzesci and Caplesci to ride with me, and deliver my family from captivity."

Mihnéa listens to him attentively, and then answers:—"Rudolph, thou art but a craven to seek help; yet, wait till we have feasted and slept; when we awake we will attend to thee."

Rudolph bites his lips, and turns pale.

"It will be too late, my lord," he answers; and then, mounting his horse, he departs with his squire Nedéa, and after three days' journey he encounters the Tartars.

"Listen to me, master," says the squire; "let us think no more of lands or lordship, but only how to act as brave men. Let us pray to God for aid. Thou take to the right, I to the left; he who escapes thy sword will fall by mine."

They fight with the Tartars from morning to night, single-handed, and entirely destroy them; but Rudolph does not find his mother. Looking afar, however, he sees a large and elegant tent, and there is his mother struggling in the arms of a Tartar. He hastens to the tent, kills the Tartar, and delivers his mother.

When he has placed his mother in safety, the Brothers Buzesci and the three Caplesci arrive.

"Good morrow, brothers; what wind blows you hither?" asks the victorious knight sarcastically. "We are come to break a lance with thee, and divert ourselves," reply the brothers. They tilt on horseback, their squires looking on, and at the first onset the lances are shattered; they then draw their swords, and continue the sport.

But when Rudolph has his back turned all five rush upon him and cut off his head. They put his head on a salver and present it to Prince Mihnéa, with the false accusation that if Rudolph had still lived he would have usurped

the throne. They then ask for his children as slaves;* they have hardly spoken, however, when the mother of Rudolph appears with his faithful squire, and they both kneel before the prince, calling loudly for justice on the unknightly murderers. And, "O Prince!" says the mother of the slain chief, "Rudolph was thy brother! I gave birth to him; thy father was my lover."

The prince sighs, kissing the hand of the venerable dame. He does justice to her, by executing the assassins of her son.

* There are still slaves in the East.

MIRCEA BEFORE NICOPOLIS.

THE enemy have invaded the country of the Roumans; but the Duke does not lose courage, and hastens to meet them with a little army of braves. It is not in the hope of saving his country that he raises his standard and rides to the battle; he goes to fulfil a sacred duty.

Where are now the grand old times, when all knew how to die for duty?

He rides through the daylight and the darkness* mounted upon a wild courser, and the rising sun caresses his hair, white as the snow on the Carpathians.

"My children," then says Mircea to his braves, "God has preserved my life until this

* Twilight.

day that I might die like a hero. What is the life of one man to the life of a people? It is as one flower to the springtime, as an hour to eternity. They say that the proud eagle of the rocks when hemmed in by the hunters will kill the young ones in his nest rather than see them captured. So, like the eagle of the rocks, I would rather see my children die than live in slavery!"

Oh! when will the grand old time return when a Rouman will choose a glorious death instead of the life of a slave?

MICHAÏ THE BRAVE AND THE EXECUTIONER.

It is the hour when the butterfly spreads his wing bathed in dew, and springing from his bed of flowers flies on a sunbeam towards the skies.

Michaï is kneeling before the Executioner. The first rays of the daylight fall broken upon his long hair. Near him is his daughter Florica. She trembles like a dew-drop in the rays of the sun, and her lovely eyes shine beneath their long lashes, like two stars on the bosom of a cloud.

"Why dost thou weep, my daughter?" asks Michaï, with a noble reproach. "I die for my country, and for the faith of my fathers. Is not such a death as this honourable enough? Thou shouldst rejoice at it, and deck the tresses of thy

hair with flowers. He who dies for his country should look upon the day of his death as a festival."

"On thy knees!" cries the pale Executioner. "The axe is raised above thy head, and it must fall."

Michaï gives the word. He looks steadily at the Executioner. The people murmur. Falls the axe? No! the blow is not yet struck. The headsman trembles, and kneels at the feet of Michaï, fascinated.

The people press round; they break the chains of their hero, and Michaï is carried home by them in triumph. And the young maidens dress their long hair with flowers, and every child in Roumania repeats the brave words of Michaï:

"He who dies for his country should look upon the day of his death as a festival."

SIRTE-MARGARITE.*

DEEP in a valley fragrant with flowers are two beautiful maidens. They are sisters, and are spinning a silken web under the shifting shadow of some lime trees. The king's son rides by with a gallant train, and the sisters accost him.

"Prince," says the eldest, "choose me for thy Queen, and I will bring thee a field full of fine pearls." But the second promises that she will make him the father of two young princes with long golden hair, each fair as a flower. And the Prince replies gallantly, that if she will

* A charming child's story; but, from the repetitions in the original, rather tedious. It is almost the only one which I have ventured to curtail and very slightly to retouch.

promise him two sons with hair as beautiful as her own that she shall become his Queen.

Nine moons have scarcely shone over the valley when the Queen keeps her word, and two young princes are born, each with long golden hair and fair as the day.

But the eldest sister, who was very angry that her sister should have become Queen instead of her, resolves to be avenged, and changes the two beautiful young princes for two ugly black children, which she places in their cradle instead. Then she takes the young princes, who were fair as the day, and wickedly buries them alive in the garden. She then goes to the King, and tells him that the Queen has not kept her promise, and shows him the little negroes.

"Then," says the King, in a terrible voice, "if this be really true, you shall be my Queen, and your sister shall be shut up in a dungeon."

Suddenly among the flowers of the garden there spring up two enchanted Fir Trees; and

when the Evening dresses her dark hair with golden flowers to enamour the world, the enchanted Fir Trees begin to ask each other if they sleep; and both answer that they cannot rest while their mamma is weeping in her lonely dungeon.

The captive Queen answers them from her prison, and says that if she could kiss them once more she could forget even the galling weight of her chains.

The Fir Trees tell the Poor Queen how much they love her, and that her troubles break their hearts; which solaces her very much.

Meantime the Wicked Queen awakes and listens; and trembling for fear lest any one else should hear them, she tells the King proudly, that if he does not have those two talking Fir Trees cut down in the morning she will leave him. Accordingly the young trees are felled and thrown into the fire; when immediately two bright sparks fly out, and fall far away among the flowers.

They are the two princes, who have again escaped, and who are determined to bring the crimes of their wicked aunt to light, and punish her, as all naughty people are punished, some time or other.

Some time after the Fir Trees have been cut down there is a great festival at Court. The King's palace is brilliantly illuminated, and there is a great "claca"* assembled to string pearls for the Queen. Among all the fair maidens and handsome youths who arrive, there are none who attract so much attention as two beautiful children with golden hair, and who appear to be brothers.

The company being assembled, each of them begins to string pearls from a basket, which is placed before each of them. While thus

* The word "claca" here signifies a species of assembly very popular in Wallachia. If any family has some particular work to do on any particular account, if a relative is setting out for a long journey, or what not, they invite the neighbourhood to come and work for them. When the work is completed, there is high glee, singing and dancing, and story-telling. The word claca has also another meaning.

employed every body who knows a pretty story is asked to tell it.

When it comes to the turn of the two beautiful children, who are of course the King's sons, they relate the sad story of the imprisoned Queen, their mother. They tell how two sisters were seated together spinning silk, when a gallant cavalier rode by, and how both wanted to become his Queen; but that he chose the youngest. As they speak they bid their pearls continue to string themselves, that no time may be lost; and then they go on to tell the rest of the melancholy events that have befallen them; and as while they speak the pearls continue to string themselves in a miraculous manner, the King is convinced of the truth of their story, and acknowledges them as his sons in presence of the whole Court. The Queen, their mother, is taken out of prison, and beautifully dressed in gold and jewels, with a crown upon her head; while her wicked sister is tied to wild horses, and torn to pieces.

MIORA.

Down into a laughing valley near the Garden of Eden three shepherds descended with their flocks and herds. One was a Moldavian, another a Vrancian, and the third a Hongoura. And the Hongoura and the Vrancian plotted together to murder their companion the Moldavian, and inherit his flocks; for he was richer in lambs and in goats, as well as in the faithful dogs that guard them. They agreed to kill him at the soft hour of twilight.

But the little lambkin, Miora, with her silvery fleece, who had refused all food for three days, attracted the attention of her shepherd.

"My little Miora, laé boulacaé! Three whole days have passed, and the sweet grass tempts

thee not, and thy pretty head is bowed down sadly. Art thou ill, Miora—my pretty, gentle, little Miora?"

"Dear shepherd and master," replies the little lambkin, "take thy flocks, and go with them deep into yonder forest; take also thy trustiest hounds; for at sunset thy comrades have arranged to kill thee!"

"Little lambkin with the silver fleece," replies the shepherd, "if thou art indeed a prophetess, and I must die at sunset in this smiling valley, thou shalt tell my murderers to lay me in the ground here behind our cot; so that I may still hear the bay of my faithful dogs, and remain always with you. This is what thou shalt tell them from me. And thou shalt place above my tomb, and near to my head, my three beloved flutes: my flute which is made of the wood of the fir tree, and of which the tones are so tender; that which is made of the wood of the linden, which is passionate; and my flute of ivory, which can draw tears.

"The wind of the evening shall come and play into my flutes; it will draw plaintive sounds from them. And then my little lambs will gather round my grave, and will weep tears of blood over it.

"But thou must not tell them that my companions have murdered me. Thou must tell them only that I am married; that I have wedded a beautiful queen, the betrothed of the world; that upon the day of my nuptials a star is fallen; that I had the sun and the moon to hold my chaplets, and for wedding guests the fir trees which grow upon the rock; for priests the lofty mountains; for musicians myriads of tuneful birds; the firmament for an altar; and for torches the golden stars.

"But when you shall see my poor old mother wandering through the fields, and asking of the traveller—'Who has seen my beautiful shepherd, whose figure might pass through a ring,*

* Ring; a comparison often used in Wallachia to designate a good figure.

whose locks are gilded by the sun?' thou shalt have pity upon her, and thou shalt say that I have married the daughter of a king, and am gone into a far country."

NOTES.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE LAUREL TREE.

"*The Daughter of the Laurel Tree*" is an allegory on the fate of a fallen woman. This ballad is sung, partly in prose and partly in verse, to rock children to sleep, or beguile the long winter evenings. From such simple listeners it is said often to draw tears. This story, as well as that of "The Fawn," are evidently of Dacian origin.

MARIÓRA FLORIÓRA.

"*Marióra Florióra,*" or Mary the Floweret, is a popular legend of the Carpathians. It has been retouched and slightly altered by M. Alexander, who appears to have obtained it from oral tradition. It seems meant to learn lovers that there are other things to attend to in life besides wooing—an unpromising task!

Page 4, line 9.

"*Over nine lands and nine seas,*" *&c.*—This is an expression much used in the popular poetry of the Wallachs to express the longest time and distance possible.

Page 5, line 7.

"*And then my friends.*"—Little expressions like this will

shew the reader the manner in which the Doĭne are told and sung far better than any remarks of mine. I know of no child's story in literature so charming as this one, nor of any with a more touching moral.

Page 5, line 18.

"*The odours of the cowslip,*" *&c.*—All this is still part of the popular superstition; and the Wallach peasantry have great faith in charms extracted from herbs and flowers.

Page 6, line 15.

"*The water that has never been troubled.*"—Apa ne-neeputa, or virgin water, is the expression in Wallach. There is a popular belief that to drink a draught of virgin water, or even to be the first who drinks fasting at a fountain in the morning, will cure the malignant fevers that prevail so frequently in the principalities. This belief is by no means confined to the lower classes.

Page 7, line 10.

"*The scentless flower of the lake,*" *&c.*—The Wallach superstition gives a soul to all flowers. The idea of the sinless flower having no perfume, is pretty, though rather that of a cynic than a poet.

Page 7, line 16.

"*A white star*" on a horse's forehead is supposed to be lucky.

Page 7, line 19.

"*Calle Buna,*" or Calle Bona. Thus the Latin *monte* is changed into *munte*, *ponte* into *punte*, *fronte* into *frunte*, &c., showing the corruption of the original language.

Page 8, line 2.

"*A sweet dream.*"—The popular superstition in Wallachia places, of course, great faith in dreams. A belief in them has always been part of the creed of a simple people.

Page 8, line 8.

"*Zméu.*"—The Zméu is a changeable and malevolent spirit, inimical to braves and heroes; perhaps, because he is usually represented as the guardian of young maidens.

Page 9, line 1.

"*A fair young girl comes dancing,*" a very beautiful allegory. The false love and the true. The picture of the girl coming along fresh from the gardens; with song and laughter; her head full of light thoughts, and her hands of good things; is an image of no common grace and beauty. I can find no reason why she carried the branches of the cherry-tree instead of any other. The word in Wallach is, "Visinelle," and is perhaps only used to rhyme with "Floricelle," which concludes the previous line. A poet has often owed a great beauty or a passage that has been the despair of his commentators to the mere exigences of the measure in which he wrote.

Page 10, line 22.

"*Bright flowers of the heavens.*"—A belief in judicial astrology has been prevalent in almost every country in the world. In those where enlightenment has come slowly, it has lingered longest; but there are vague and mystic thoughts in the hearts of most of us about such things, however Reason and Herschel may laugh at them.

Page 14, line 13.

"*The birds kept within the pleasant shadows, &c.*"—There is another pretty little Wallach song on this idea; in which it is not ungracefully turned—

"Birds ne'er sing
On the wing,
While they flutter cheerly
Droops the plume,
Then full soon
Wail they forth so drearly.

Blame not then,
Though again
I should sing thee never;
Did I grieve!
Ah, believe!
Thou should'st know it ever.

To thy heart
To impart
Gloom or grief or scorning,
Makes their night
Radiant bright,
With the hope of morning."

Page 15, line 7.

"*As of a mother's voice.*"—It is a common Wallach threat to say, "I will make your mother weep."

THE FAWN.

A STAG in Rouman poetry is often put for a king, and a fawn for a young prince. The present story calls the fawn the son

of a king. The legend is probably founded upon some dark forgotten page of history, and means that a young prince who had taken refuge in the court of some petty barbarian king, was murdered for having indiscreetly seen too much, and forgotten the prudent blindness which becomes a guest. There is no clue however as to the names of the personages, and conjecture would be vain. Indeed, bards and orators have been always so gagged by circumstances, and the truths of history have got so mixed up with fables, that it requires lynx eyes to distinguish between them. The popular legends of a people, however, often give us a glimpse of their history, which it would be idle to seek in their graver annals.

Page 17, line 13.

"*Divorce.*"—Divorces are so common in the principalities, that there are said to be some ladies with three or four husbands all living.

PAUNASUL CODRILOR.

THE Pan or Paunas of the rocks is a name frequently given to the brigand heroes of Wallachia. It is also a sort of nick-name given to any young man brave and enterprising. He is usually, however, represented as a sad scape-grace. Another version of the story asserts Paunas to be merely a corruption of the name of the Greek God Pan. Just as the names of Jupiter, Mercury and Venus, are preserved in the popular poetry, and figure frequently as Joë, Mercur and Venerea.

Page 21, line 10.

"*The combatants wrestle fiercely.*"—This species of combat is still very popular in Moldo Wallachia. There are several different manners of wrestling. The Lupta Voinicesca, the

Lupta Macanesca, and the Lupta Ursaresca. The attitudes and movements are the same as those of the Roman gladiators.

Besides the ordinary wrestlers, there are also some others peculiar to Moldo Wallachia; especially the dancing wrestlers. In the month of June, a company of some fifteen or twenty of them usually go about to the different villagers, dancing and wrestling in public. Their costume is Roman; though time has very slightly altered it, and parts of the dress are decorated with little bells. They are called Calousari or Colusor, and have a man who pretends to be dumb to carry their flag. Some antiquaries assert, that these games are a vestige of those first instituted to commemorate the rape of the Sabines; but it appears more probable from their name of Calousari, that they are merely the legitimate successors of a species of Roman mountebanks, whom I think were called Colusores!

A month later, in July, another species of dancers begin to appear in the villages, these are called Boracéni; they are dressed in women's clothes, and wear preposterously long gowns.

It is possible that these sports may be also the remains of ancient Roman games; but the antiquaries (of course) are divided. They would not, however, be the only traditions of the old Roman world, which seem to have been transmitted through so many centuries; from sire to son in Moldo Wallachia.

Of this there is a curious example every year, in the month of June. In some parts of the country, the peasants tie down their dogs and excite the geese of the neighbourhood to attack them. They accompany these proceedings by reviling the dogs for having slept, and left to the geese the honour of having saved the Capitol. The species of correction applied to the dogs, is called in Wallach, "Tarbàcela," and their howls are horrible. A friend of mine saw this singular custom practised in the monastery of Radouvoda, at Bucharest, in 1848.

THOMAS ALIMOSH.

"*Thomas Alimosh,*" or the son of the old man, is a famous personage in Wallach tradition; but the records of Wallachia are in such a hopeless state of confusion, that it is hard to identify the most renowned heroes of the popular idolatry with much certainty. The chronicles, which are singularly dry and uninteresting, seldom mention them at all.

Page 22, line 1.

"*But not too far away.*"—Sic in originale, a quaint expression enough.

Page 23, line 4.

"*Bojar of the Lowlands,*" an expression of contempt. The Bojars of the highlands and the lowlands seem to have disliked each other, as much as neighbouring country gentlemen usually do. There seems also another reason for the expression, an anonymous French writer, speaking of the ancient Dacians says, "Qoique dominés et entourés par les barbares, les Romains n'eurent aucune alliance avec eux. Un grand nombre de Colons se réfugièrent dans les Karpathes, à l'abri de toute atteinte," &c. Boyard of the lowlands, therefore, was perhaps merely another term for barbarian.

Page 23, line 9.

"*Cool himself.*"—The expression in Wallach is singular, "Dá mania dupe spate," throw thine anger behind thy back."

Page 23, line 15.

"*Murgo.*"—The name given to all the horses of the braves.

Page 23, line 22.

"*Little horse.*"—Murgoletzmic is the word here used in the

Wallach originals. It is one of the many which have so many diminutives, as to be quite untranslatable.

Page 25, line 5.

"*Thou wilt dig me a grave.*"—The braves had a pious horror of lying unburied.

STÉFAN THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER.

Stéfan, the fourth prince of Moldavia, acquired the surname of the Great from his many victories. The number forty is popularly believed to have had a singular influence on his fortunes. Thus he reigned forty years, won forty victories, with an army of 40,000 men, and built forty churches to commemorate them. There are the remains of a wild and singular ballad about him :—

"Stéfan, Stéfan Voeroda,
Rides out armed from Suciava;
Conquers Poland, Tartary,
Turkey, Russia, Hungary."

The anecdote told here is strictly historical, and the battle was fought near the monastery of Niamzo, in Moldavia.

"La Moldavie était au comble de la gloire et de la grandeur, quand près de mourir, Étienne le Grand, effrayé de la soumission de la Hongrie par les Turcs, convoqua en cent cinquante-quatre à Souchava cette assemblée mémorable, où il tint à son fils Bogdan le discours suivant.

"O, Bogdan, mon fils, et vous tous mes amis et companions qui avez avec moi partagé tant de triomphes, vous me voyez sur le point de payer le tribut à la nature; toute la gloire de ma vie passée est comme un beau fantôme qui se perd dans la nuit; il n'y a plus de rétour pour un mortel, qui comme un

ver de terre, parcourt les sentiers de la vie ; la mort vient prendre ses droits ; mais ce n'est pas ce qui fait l'objet de ma frayeur, car je sais que l'instant de ma naissance à été le premier que j'ai fait vers le tombeau. Ce qui m'alarme est la pensée accablante que vous avez autour de vous Soliman, qui ménace ce royaume, et fera tous ses efforts pour s'en emparer. Il a déjà subjugué la plus grande partie du royaume de Hongrie, ainsi que la Crimée, qui n'avait pas encore reconnu aucun maître étranger, et *se y c'est attachée en y introduisant le culte Mahométan ;* la Bessarabie a été le théâtre de ses succès ; et les Valaques, qui sont chrétiens comme nous, ont du reconnaître sa supériorité ; en un mot la plus noble partie de l'Asie et de l'Europe obéit à ses lois. Non content de se voir assis sur le trône des empereurs romains, il ne met point de bornes à ses vues de conquête ; il embrasse en idée le domaine de toute la terre. Croyez-vous qu'après tant de succès et des obstacles qu'il a surmontés, il epargne la Moldavie qui est à sa porte, et toute environnée des provinces de son obéissance ? Craignez plutôt que dès qu'il aura réduit toute la Hongrie il ne vient fondre sur vous avec toutes ses forces. Je ne saurais jeter les yeux sur nos voisins sans déplorer le malheureux état de leurs affaires. Il n'y a point de fond à faire sur les Polonais, ils sont inconstant et incapable de faire tête aux Turcs ; les Hongrois se sont mis eux-mêmes dans les fers ; l'Allemagne a sous les bras tant d'embarras domestiques, qu'il ne lui reste ni volonté ni pouvoir de prendre part à ce qui se passe en dehors. Ainsi considérant la triste situation de tous les états qui nous environnent, je pense que le parti le plus sage est de choisir entre les maux qui nous ménacent celui qui nous paraît le plus supportable. Jamais un pilote dans son bon sens ne tendit les voiles contre les tempêtes et les orages. Nos forces ne peuvent nous rassurer, les secours étrangers sont éloignés et incertains ; le danger est pressant et ne peut être écarté. Il faut donc se

déterminer à adoucir la rigueur du sort plutôt que de reveiller ce lion par le bruit des armes. Notre soumission sera comme une eau répandue à propos sur cette flamme prête à éclater; je ne vois que cette resource et ce remède pour prevenir notre ruine. C'est pourquoi je vous exhorte dans ces derniers moments de ma vie avec toute la tendresse d'un père et d'un frère de tâcher de faire vos conditions avec Soliman; si vous pouvez obtenir de lui la conservation de vos lois ecclésiastiques et civiles ce sera toujours une paix honorable, quand même ce serait à titre de fief. Il vous sera plus avantageuse d'éprouver sa clemence que son épée. Mais si au contraire il veut vous préscrire d'autres conditions, n'hésitez pas à mourir l'épée à la main pour la défense de votre réligion et la liberté de votre patrie, plutôt que de laisser l'une et l'autre en proie aux malheurs inévitables, et d'être de lâches spectateurs de la ruine de votre patrie. Et vous ne devez point douter que le Dieu de nos pères, qui seul produit des merveilles, ne se laisse un jour toucher par les larmes de ses serviteurs, et qu'après vous avoir comblé de ses graces les plus abondantes, il ne vous console un jour en cicatrisant vos plaies et en fixant à jamais vos futures destinées."—COLSON.

Page 27, line 18.

"*Who see only in the dark,*" signifying, probably, a man who can only see through the mists of passion and interest—his hopes and fears.

CODREANO.

Page 29, line 5.

"*Sarica,*" long white woollen cloak.

Page 29, line 6.

"*Zurcan.*"—Some villages in Transylvania are called by this name. The costume of the inhabitants is still very much like

that of the ancient Dacians, as will be seen by attentive examination of the figures on Trajan's column. The Zurcan cap is made of undressed sheepskin, and is not unlike the high-crowned Persian cap; but more graceful and becoming. It has also a tassel, which is usually white.

Page 29, line 15.

"*Mocons*" are cattle-dealers, who carry on a wandering trade among the mountains; they are famous for the excellence of their horses.

Page 30, line 9.

"*Olto.*"—The ancient Aluta, a river in Wallachia. It divides Great and Lesser Wallachia, and takes its source among the Carpathians, entering the Danube near the town of Turno. The valley here mentioned is famous for the fertility of its soil.

Page 30, line 11.

"*Movilao*" is an ancient town in Bessarabia, on the banks of the Dniester.

Page 30, line 14.

"*God is good.*"—A style of reasoning one hears much too frequently. The contrast between this sentence and the succeeding one shows a strange jumble of ideas on religious subjects, and develops a quaint trait of manners. On such a subject I would as soon trust a song as a history.

Page 31, line 2.

"*Eyebrows.*"—A Wallach proverb says, "you can tell a thief by his eyebrows." Perhaps there is no part of the body which has not been fixed upon as an indication of character. There seems no science so alluring to silly people as that of judging from appearances; or there is surely none so entirely contemptible, false, and absurd.

Page 31, line 15.

"*Capo*" is a garden near Jassy.

Page 31, line 20.

"*Potera.*"—A troop of mounted policemen composed chiefly of Albanians.

Page 32, line 7.

"*Plucking the balls of the flesh with his fingers,*" &c.—Nearly all popular heroes are invulnerable; a gift which simple imaginations are apt enough to bestow on successful bravery.

Page 32, line 14.

"*May the earth swallow him.*"—This expression appears to be a reflection of the author suddenly overpowered by his feelings. The dislike of the Wallachs to the Albanians seems merely that of all people to foreign mercenaries, however creditably or usefully employed.

Page 32, line 19.

"*Baltac.*"—The baltac was a kind of mace. It was a very favourite arm with the Turks; though their maces were usually lighter than those of their enemies, they were also more manageable and dangerous. The mistake of using heavy arms seems at last found out.

Page 33, line 6.

"*Ilics.*"—Alésandro Iliçs (pronounced Elijesh) reigned about 1631.

Page 33, line 8.

"*A Turk from Stamboul.*"—The Turks at this period had a representative at Jassy, and another at Bucharest, who was called Kéhaia Bey. These representatives had also a deputy in

every town and city, called "Beshleaga." They claimed the right of being present at all trials, to protect the interests of the Turks. Subsequently, however, they began to interfere with the tribunals, and even to interrogate the Prince. Indeed the Domns of former times were vassals far too powerful and restless not to incur now and then the jealousy of their suzerain, and they took an oriental method of counter-balancing their influence.

Page 33, line 20.

"*Thick-lipped.*"—A reflection on Turks in general, neither complimentary nor just.

Page 34, line 9.

"*Confessor.*"—The Domns could not by law condemn a criminal to death unshriven.

Page 34, line 18.

"*Palosh,*" a sort of short sword like that worn by the Romans.

Page 35, line 15.

"*Farewell,*" &c.—The whole of this story appears to be a faithful picture of the national morality and feeling of the times. The fact is, every one who had the power to steal was more or less a robber; and the bandit who rifled the rich with the strong hand, and gave to the poor, who was something half free lance, half patriot; from whom the peasants had much to hope, and little to dread; who had often the same tastes and habits; and who was one of themselves, save that he had raised himself from slavery to power; such a man was not unlikely to become the hero of minds in which there were no fixed principles of right and morality. As for the manner in which the Mocon is here treated, it is easily accounted for by his profession. The Mocons were probably disagreeable enough to the

country people, from their horse-dealing rogueries, so that the signal punishment of a Mocon pleased them very well.

THE FERENTAR'S DAUGHTER.

The Ferentars were a strong body of cavalry, who served in the Wallachian army. Their weapons were the sword and the lance.

BOUJOR.

Page 39, line 6.

"*Focchiani*" is a frontier town between Moldavia and Wallachia.

Page 39, line 16.

"*Stefanica*" is the diminutive of Stéfan. There is no end to Wallack diminutives.

Page 39, line 16.

"*Boujor*" signifies Rufus, or the red. He was a famous brigand, who lived about fifty years ago.

FÀT LOGOFÀT.

"*Fàt Logofàt,*" pronounced Fet Logofet: the young hero. It is one of the prettiest stories of the series. Some of the epithets which pass between the lovers are charming.

SALGA.

Page 43, line 3.

"*Schobani,*" shepherds.

Page 43, line 6.

"*Bacio,*" chief.

Page 43, line 13.

"*Bricium d'ore,*" a flute made by the shepherds. It is larger than the common flute, and its sound is very plaintive. It is sometimes ornamented with a ring of gold and silver. These instruments, blown in a peculiar key, are often used as signals of distress to the villagers, if the shepherds require help or get lost among the mountains.

Page 45, line 8.

"*Luptadrèpta,*" unarmed wrestle.

RICH AND POOR.

Page 48, line 4.

"*A ban*" is about half a farthing.

Page 48, line 7.

"*A zlot*" is thirty times more than a ban.

MIHO THE YOUNG.

This story belongs to the 15th century, and the scene of the encounter is called Codru Hertzir, and still known as a famous haunt of brigands.

THE RING AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.

This ballad belongs to Transylvania, and is thought to be very old.

GRUË GROSAVUL.

Gruë the Terrible appears to have been composed about the 15th century, while the Roumans were at war with the Tartars.

Page 59, line 1.

"*Jalpèn*" is in Bessarabia.

Page 59, line 8.

"*Smèoe*" and "*Zernoe*" were gods of the Dacians.

Page 59, line 12.

"*Handjar*," a short sword, of which the hilt was often splendidly mounted. It became almost an index of the wearer's rank.

Page 60, line 5.

"*Mazaques*," or Marsaks, were the chiefs of a horde of Tartars very proud of their ancient descent.

Page 60, line 20.

"*Boujak*," in Bessarabia, famous for its breed of horses.

Page 62, line 12.

"*The Khan makes a sign.*"—Every thing is done by signs in the East, and the traveller will still see a great dignitary clap his hands for coffee instead of asking for it.

Page 63, line 2.

"*Cures your ills.*"—There is something very naïve and odd in all the Wallach ways of expressing death.

Page 63, line 4.

"*He converts*," &c.—The reader is hardly prepared for the edifying end of the terrible chief; but such a one may not have been unfrequent in times when men seem to have been always grasping a reeking sword with one hand and the cross in the other, and to have been half saints—half ruffians.

THE SUN AND THE MOON.

THIS ballad is very old.

Page 64, line 8.

"*Ilena*" is one of the Wallach names for the moon.

Page 64, line 8.

"*Cozinzena*" signifies the golden-haired. It is to be remarked that golden hair seems to have especially fired the imagination of the Wallach poets; for the simple reason that there was hardly a red head from Tchernetz to Beltzi, from the Aluta to the Gige.

Page 65, line 18.

"*A robe of precious stones.*"—The Wallachs say that jewels are the tears of the sun.

BOGDAN.

BOGDAN was the son of Stéfan the Great, and was the first prince who acknowledged the suzerainty of the Porte by the treaty of 1513.

THE TARTAR.

WE are indebted for this curious ballad to M. Alexandre. It has a wild and singular rhythm in the original, and, like all songs, flattering to the national vanity of a people. It is very popular. Perhaps national vanity is such a pleasant sensation because we can indulge in it without appearing egotistical! I give it here in the original, as a general example of the untranslatable style and rhythm :—

TA'TARU'L.

Ma'i' ta'tare, ti'ne calul
——— | —— | — |
Ma'i' ta'tare, Stra'nge frîul
——— | — | ——— | — |
Ma'i' ta'tare, lassa' malul
——— | — | — | —— |
Nu cerca d'a trece rîul
——— | — | —— | — |
Ca pe crucea sa'ntei' legi
— | —— | ——- | —— |
De roi' doi', peste hotare
—— | — | —— | —— |
Nimic, Deu'! nu se r'allege,
——— | —— | - | ——— |
Ma'i' tateore, ma'i' tatare!
——— | — | — | ——— |
Ma'i' tatare, und'e, ti' pala?
—— | —— | — | —— |
Ma'i' tatare un'de-ti' ca'lul
—— | —— | ——— | —— |
Ma'i' tatare und'e, ti' fala
—— | —— | — | —— |
Nu, ti' spusei' Jè nu treei' malul?
——— | —— | —— | ——— |
Nu sci'ai' tu, ma'i' re'ci'ne,
—— | ——— | — | —— |
Ce-i' Roma'nul î'n turbare?
— | ——— | — | —— |
Corbii' musc acum di'n ti'ne
———- | ——— | — | — |
Ma'i' ta'tare, mai' ta'tare!
——— | ——— | —— |

CONSTANDIN BRANCOVANO.

CONSTANDIN BRANCOVANO was a famous prince of Wallachia; he was beheaded at Constantinople, with his three children,

for having aided the Russians in 1710. Popular love threw a halo round his memory, and the descendants of his family are still among the first aristocracy of the Principalities. The subject, though not treated very poetically, is a fine one; and I have preserved it from one or two little traits of national manners which appeared interesting. The execution of the children on a chair with their eyes bandaged is also curious. The family of Brancovano are among the princes of the Empire, and one of the very few in Roumania who have hereditary titles.

SERB SERAC.

"*Serb Serac,*" or the poor Servian. The Servians were proverbial for their poverty.

Page 75, line 11.

"*The Bougak,*" or Boujiak, is a province of Lower Bessarabia. After the reign of Stéfan the Great it fell into the hands of the Tartars. It was long famous for its breed of horses, which were considered priceless by their roving masters. Very fine horses were also found in Dubrodja, which now forms part of Turkey; but Canthenier, in his description of Moldavia, says, that the best and dearest horses came from there, and that they were famous both in Poland and Hungary, as well as in Turkey. The Turks had a proverb, "Agem dilberi Bogdan bargiri Meshurdir,"—a Persian youth and a Moldavian horse are better than any other.

Page 76, line 2.

"*Rafas*" a sort of trellis-work, which allows the Turkish ladies to look out of their windows without being seen.

Page 76, line 4.

"*And telling him so,*" &c.—A simplicity and frankness which is however a true portrait of Oriental manners even in our day. Eastern ladies are by no means taught to conceal their sentiments, nor do they.

Page 76, line 10.

"*Halca.*"—The race for the Halca was something similar to the sport of tilting at a ring, the favourite exercise of the knights of the middle ages. It was still in great vogue among the Turks little more than a century ago.

Page 76, line 10.

"*Haidar Pasha*" is near Scutari, on the Bosphorus, where the Turkish Pilgrims usually assembled before starting for Mecca.

Page 76, line 18.

"*Swift as the storm*" is a fine simile for an Eastern poet; for in the East a storm is something swift and terrible indeed.

Page 76, line 22.

"*Never seen the sun.*"—It is a popular superstition in the East, that horses are rendered better by being kept in the dark. All the most celebrated horses mentioned in Wallach poetry, Kal-Graur, Kal-Vintes, &c., all those belonging to the adventurers called Fât-Fromos, and to the golden-haired Fât-Logofâti, were brought up in subterraneous caverns.

Page 77, line 9.

"*Trifoi.*"—This is the shamrock, and the Wallachs have a superstition about it similar to that so prettily versified by Mr. Lover.

Page 79, line 9.

"*Stangin.*"—One stangin is ten feet, therefore the horse must have taken seventy feet in his stride, or twenty-three yards and a third.

Page 79, line 17.

"*Khan of Tartary.*"—The date of this ballad is uncertain, but it must have been before the independence of the Crimea, or its subsequent conquest by the Russians. There is a lesson in the history of the conquest of the Crimea, not without interest just now!

VIDRA.

Page 82, line 1.

"*Catonitza,*" signifies a female soldier, or Amazon.

Page 82, line 4.

"*Stoën Soimu.*"—Soimu is here used as a surname, but in its ordinary sense it signifies a species of hawk found only among the Carpathians. They were so much esteemed by falconers, that when Bogdan submitted voluntarily to the suzerainty of the Turks, twenty-four of these birds formed part of the annual tribute which he agreed to pay to the Sultan.

Page 82, line 5.

"*Potcop,*" Greek cap.

Page 86, line 8.

"*He falls down dead.*"—Thus it is the common warning to a liar in Wallachia to say, "Remember the fate of Stoen Soimu." This ballad, however, seems a sly hit at the priesthood, and is managed with some address. The priest is not defeated by the brave of braves, as is usually the case with

adventurous lovers; but he is reserved for still deeper disgrace. He is made studiously base and vile in everything: goading his oxen, calling on a woman for aid in danger, murdering his wife, and lying to conceal his crime; till Divine Justice sweeps him indignantly from the face of the earth.

THE MAID OF COSIA.

THIS story, of which no history of Wallachia makes any mention, was discovered at Paris, in a Byzantine History, by M. Boliak, a Wallachian gentleman, who communicated it to M. Bolintiniano, from whom I received it.

Page 87.

"*Cosia*" is a convent in Wallachia, situated on the brow of a splendid hill near the Carpathians.

Page 87, line 6.

"*Thepesch*," or the Impaler.—This fearful name was given to Rad, or Rudolph, one of the bravest of the dukes of Wallachia, in consequence of his having impaled no less than 30,000 prisoners, who fell into his hands at different times. His memory seems to be regarded in Roumania with something of the same affection we have for that of Cœur de Lion.

THE DOVE AND THE COUCOU.

THESE two birds figure very frequently in Wallachian poetry. The Coucou is supposed to be a mysterious being of much importance. His voice is of good augury if heard on the right side, but forebodes evil if heard on the left.

BALAURUL THE SERPENT.

THE word Balaur in Wallach signifies a being with the body of a serpent and the voice of a man. In the popular poetry, he is usually a phantom who fights against the braves; but is often conquered by them. The Balaurs are also guardians of hidden treasure and of the daughters of kings. Thence the enmity between them and the Fat-Fromos or cavaliers.

The peasants also have a legend, that precious stones are formed by the froth on the Balaur's mouth; and they say that he who kills a serpent will be forgiven a sin. According to ancient tradition, on St. Peter's day all the roads are guarded by serpents; and it is said that every one who then kills a serpent will be lucky throughout the year.

THE BANQUET.

THIS legend is historical. The banquet is said to have taken place in Transylvania, and the hero obtained his wish, for some days afterwards he was assassinated by the emissaries of one Basta, an obscure prince of Transylvania.

Page 94, line 6.

"*August hands.*"—The Wallach word is Dalb, and if any one can translate it better I make him a present of it.

MICHAÏ SAVING THE STANDARD.

THIS ballad refers to an event which occurred at a battle on the banks of the Moresch, in Transylvania, towards the end of the 16th century.

MIHNÈA DOMNU AND RUDOLPH CALOFIRESCO.

THIS is one of a great many ballads on the same subject. In some Michaï, the brave, replaces Mihnéa Domnu.

Page 98.

"*Calofiresco.*"—The Calofiresci and Caplesci were famous Wallachian heroes.

Page 98.

"*Domnu,*" a corruption of the Latin Dominus, is the most ancient title of the Princes of Roumania. That of Hospodar was given them by the Russians. They were also called "*Voévodes,*" or war-chiefs, from two Sclave words; "*Voi,*" a troop, and "*Vodit,*" commander; and the style of the official documents executed by Kobert the Black runs thus :—

"We Voévod, by the grace of God Domn of the whole Roman world, Duke of Omlash, and Fagarash, &c." In later times the title of Duke of Omlash and Fagarash has been dropped.

MIRCÉA BEFORE NICOPOLIS.

"*Mircea,*" Prince of Wallachia, was the first prince who acknowledged the suzerainty of the Porte, by a voluntary treaty concluded in 1393.

Page 103, line 4.

"*Proud Eagle, &c.*"—I have used the word eagle here, but it is "Schöem," or hawk, in the original.

MIHAÏ THE BRAVE AND HIS EXECUTIONER.

MIHAÏ, the brave Prince of Wallachia. He rebelled success-

fully against the Turks, and gained several victories. His most important battle was that of "Calagureni," where he defeated the immense host of Sinan Pasha with a mere handful of braves. He was in the end assassinated by Basta, a petty prince in the neighbourhood.

It is said that he was once condemned to death by his predecessor, but at the moment when the executioner was about to strike, he became fascinated by the calm steady gaze of Mihaï and let fall his axe. The people, whose darling he was, and who only waited for some accidental circumstance to become unmanageable to the authorities, now delivered him by the strong hand, and led him home in triumph. The story has been charmingly versified by M. Bolentiniano.

SIRTE-MARGARITE.

A CHARMING child's story. It is, however, one of the very few I have been obliged to curtail and slightly to alter, from the tiresome repetitions and want of connection in the original. I have done so however with extreme hesitation, and my corrections (or blots I do not know which to call them,) only apply to a few scattered words. Indeed, the temptation of meddling has been very alluring throughout the "*Doïne*" generally, but I have conscientiously resisted it; the object to be carried out, and which would alone make this book of any value, did not seem to me to be to produce something pretty; but to give that which was already made to my hand as exactly as possible, and leave it as characteristic and national as I found it. There is hardly a single legend here given, out of which a graceful and remarkable tale might not have been easily worked. This, however, would have been a kind of plagiarism not quite so honest as common.

MIORA.

Page 111, line 4.

"*Vrancian.*"—The word Vrancian signifies inhabitant of Vrancia, a little province of Moldavia near the Carpathians. The Transylvanian shepherds pass the summer among the mountains, where they lead a wild, lonely, romantic life; and in winter they descend into the plains on the banks of the Danube. Two or three generally associate together.

Page 111, line 4.

"*Hongoura*" is an epithet of derision applied to the Wallachs of Transylvania. It means Hungarianised. We use the word Frenchified in much the same sense.

Page 111, line 11.

"*Miora*" is the pet name given to a lamb in Moldavia.

Page 111, line 14.

"*Laé boulacaé*" is a kind of caress (altogether untranslatable) addressed by the shepherds to the pets of their flock.

Page 113, line 9.

"*The betrothed of the world,*" a singularly beautiful expression for death.

Page 113, line 10.

"*A star is fallen.*"—The popular superstition in Moldavia believes that when any one dies his star falls from the heavens, as they believe it first appeared there at his birth, and influenced his destiny through life.

Page 113, line 12.

"*Chaplets.*"—During the nuptial benediction at a Moldavian marriage, a young man and a maiden hold a crown over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. The expression used here means that the shepherd will die just as the sun sets, and the moon appears above the horizon. To be sure popular belief does not trouble itself much with natural philosophy.

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

SIX

NATIONAL AIRS OF ROUMANIA.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO

BY HENRIZ.

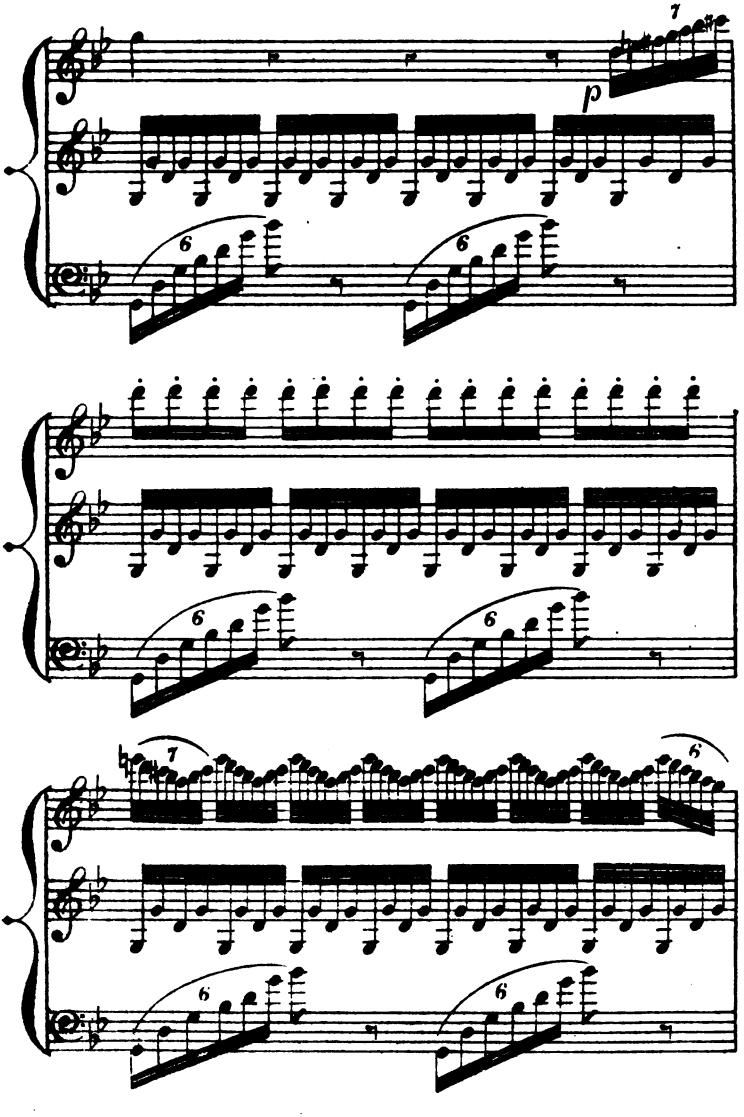
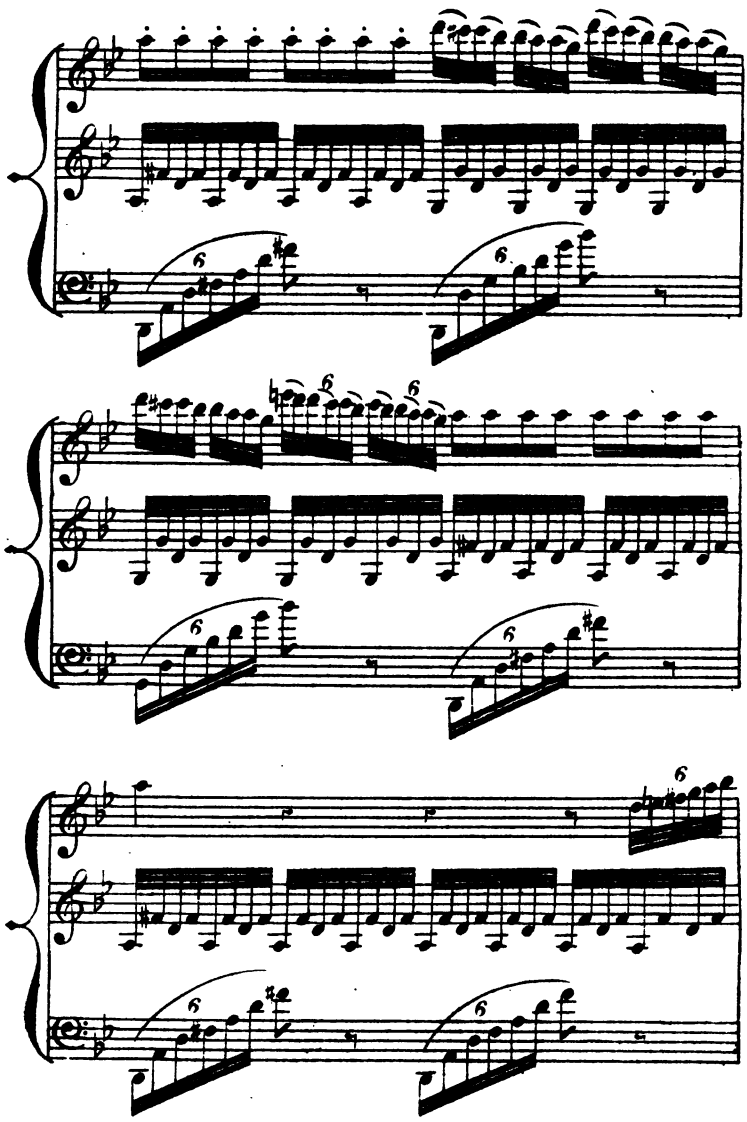
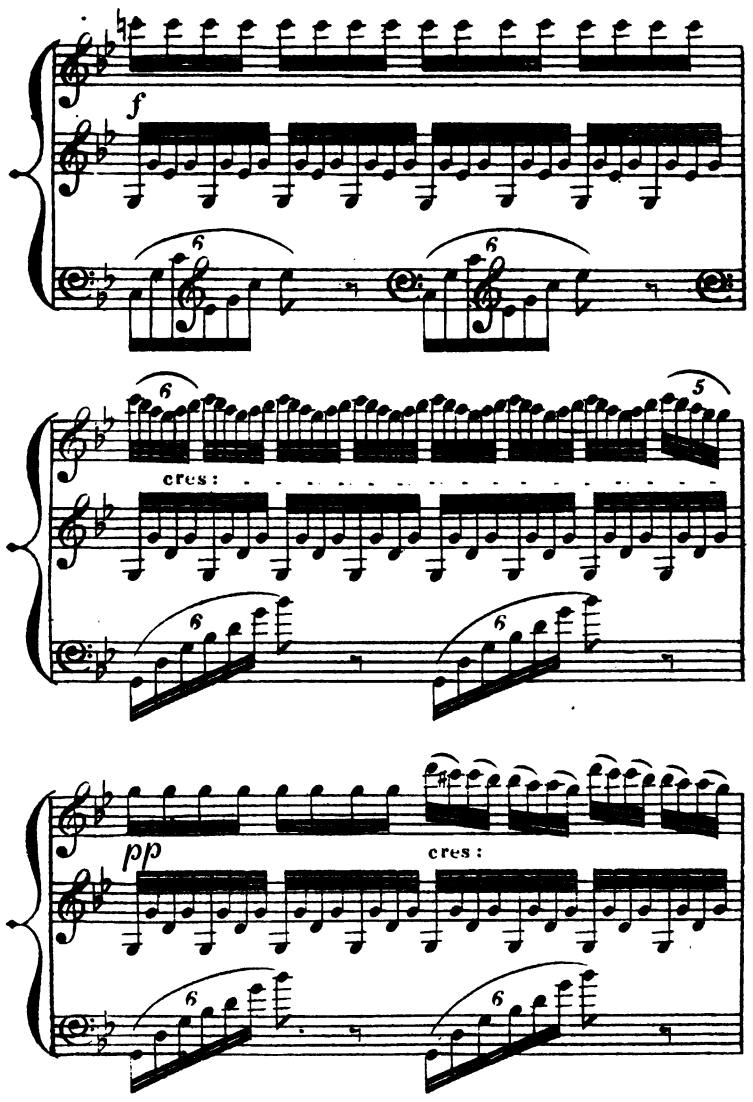
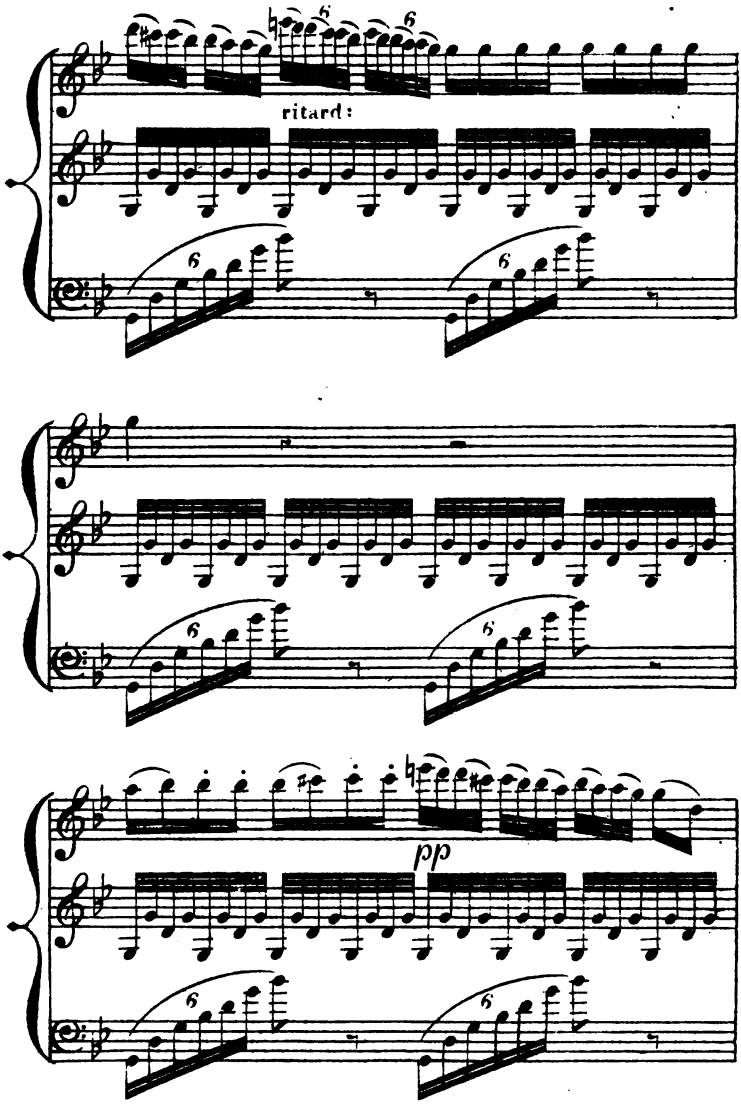
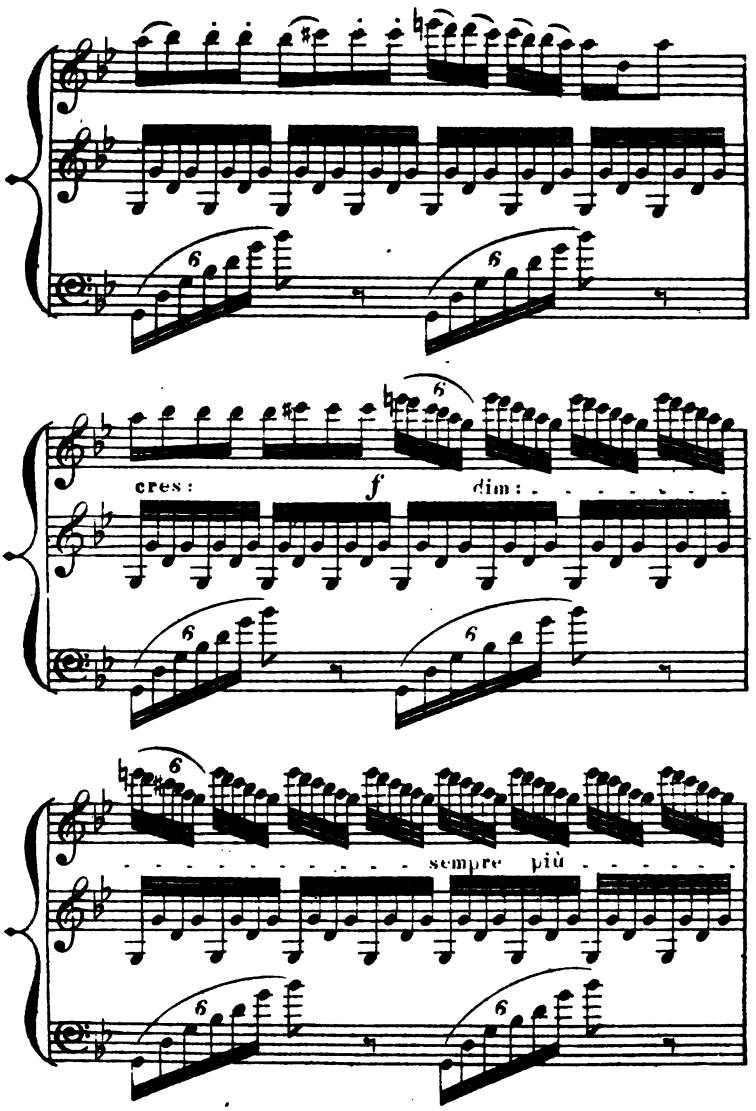
*** These Airs have been kindly communicated to me by the PRINCESS JEAN GHIKA, whose unaffected kindness and zeal, in aiding me to make this little Work as perfect as possible, I can hardly acknowledge too gratefully.

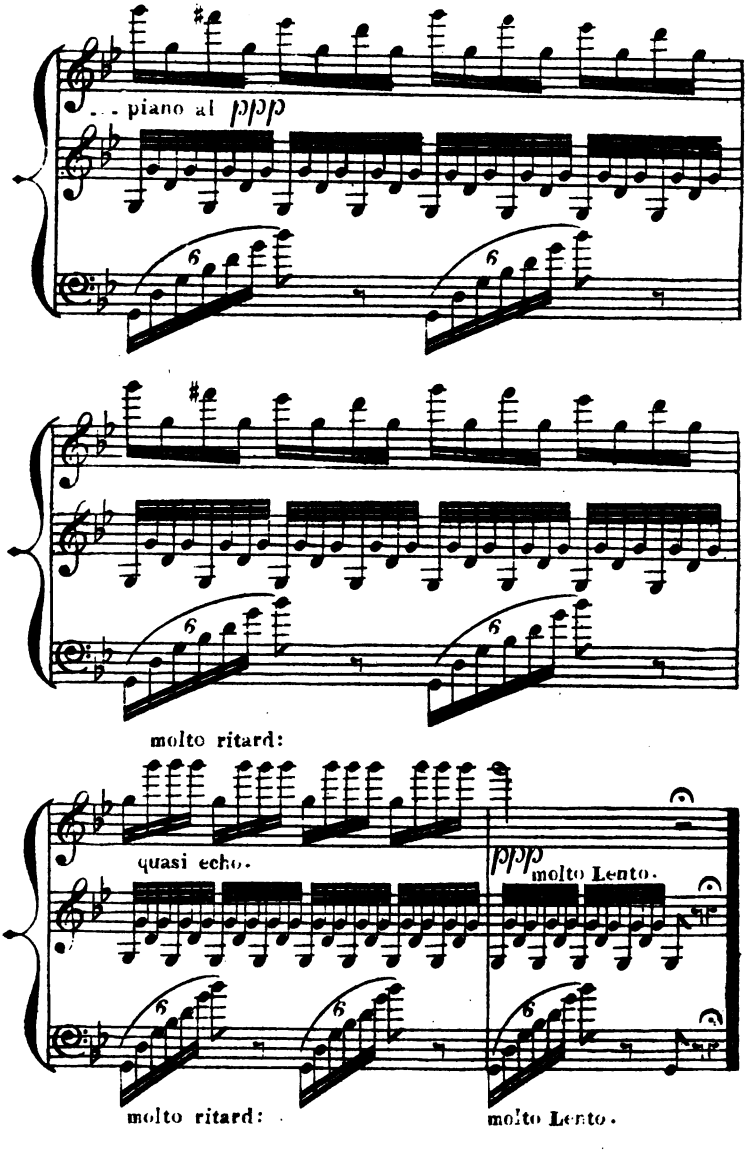
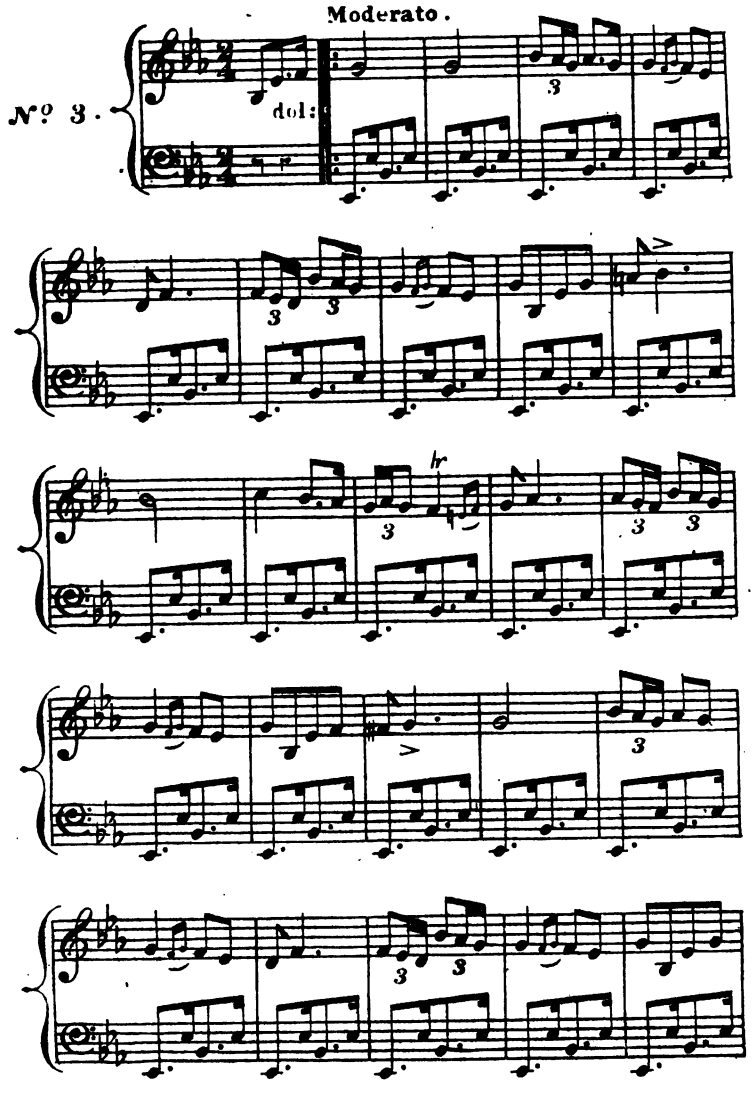
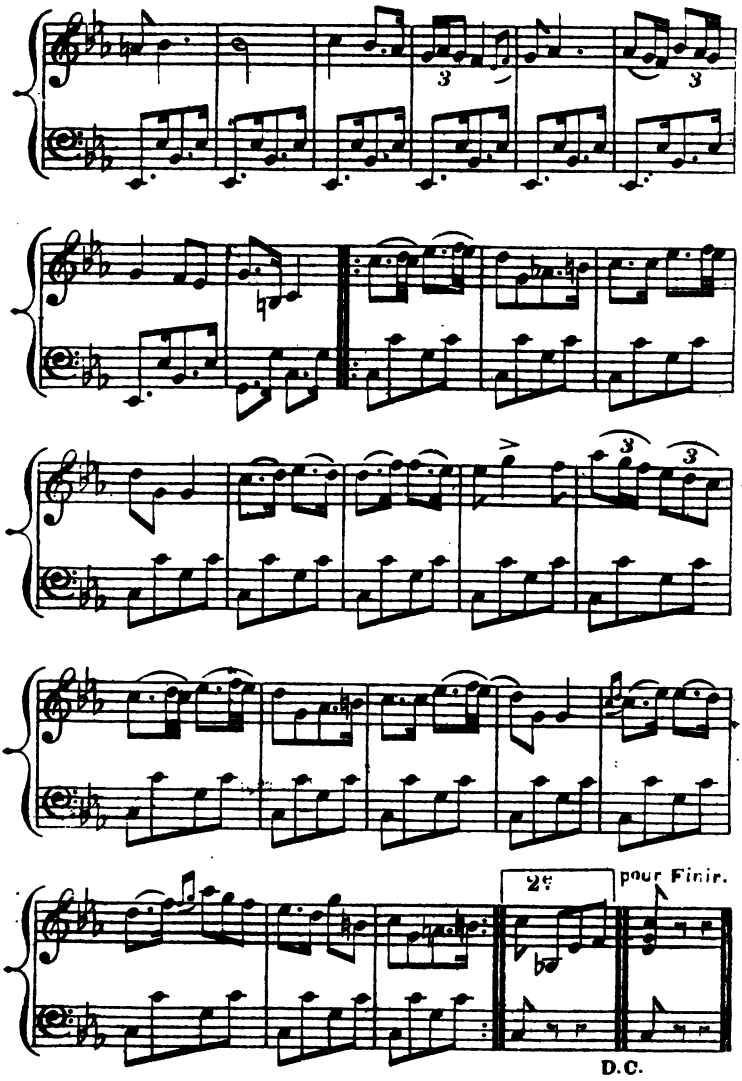
C. E. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

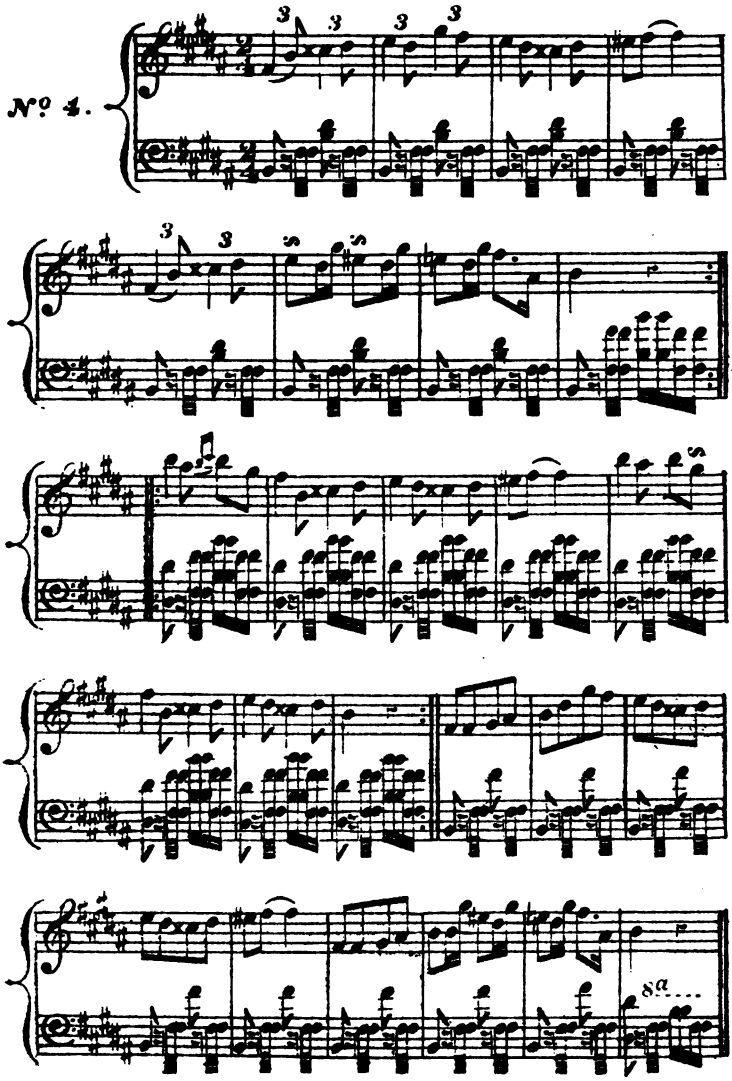
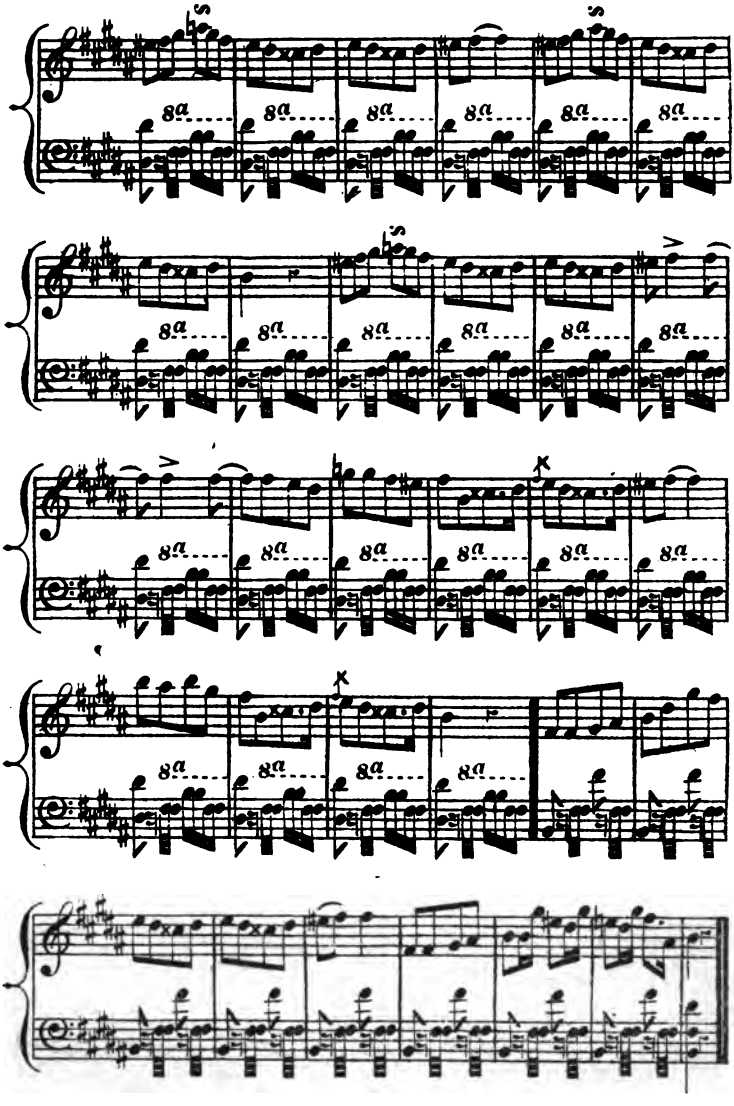
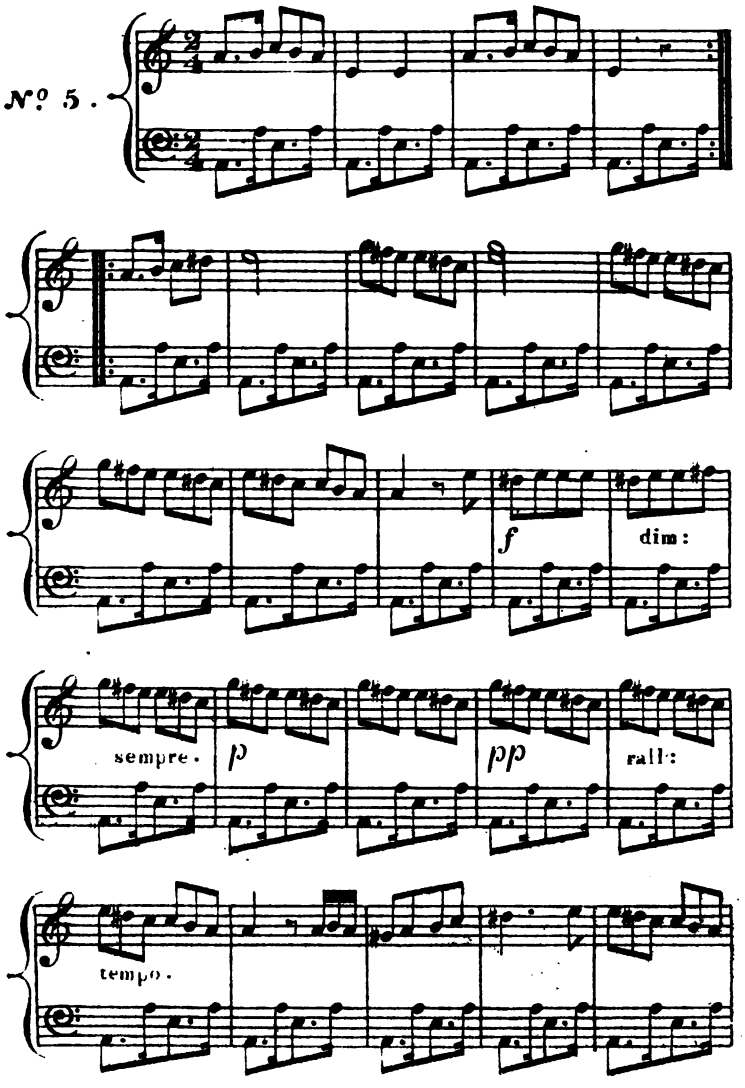
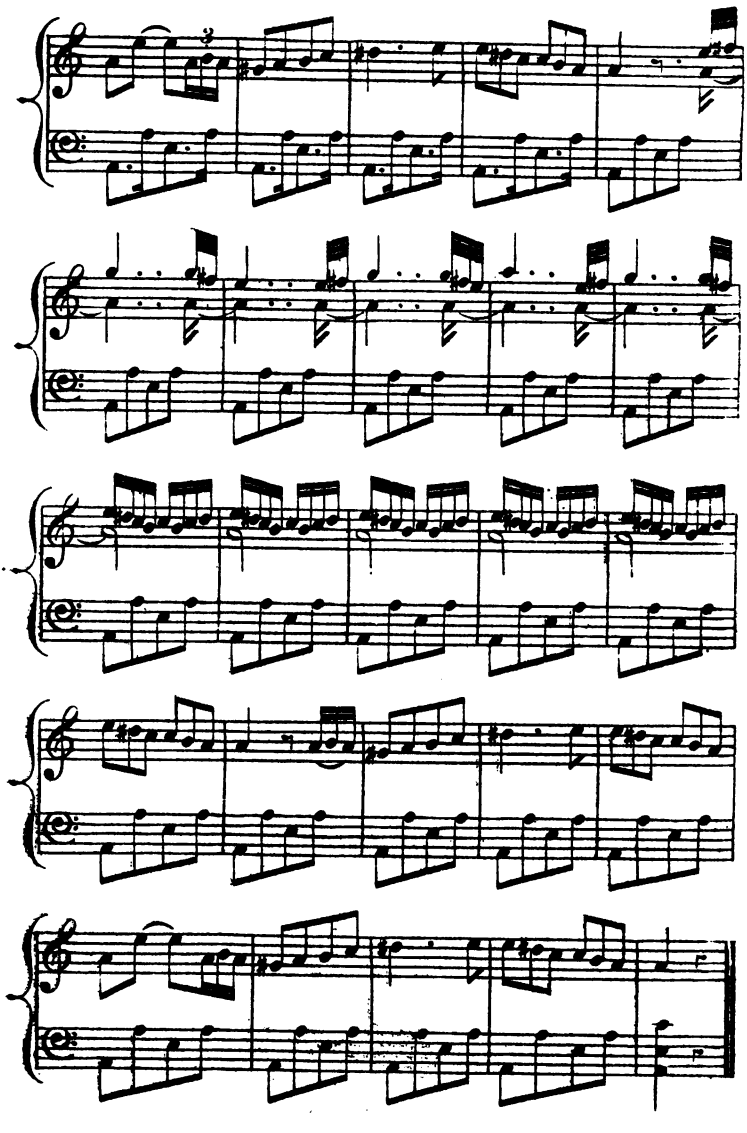
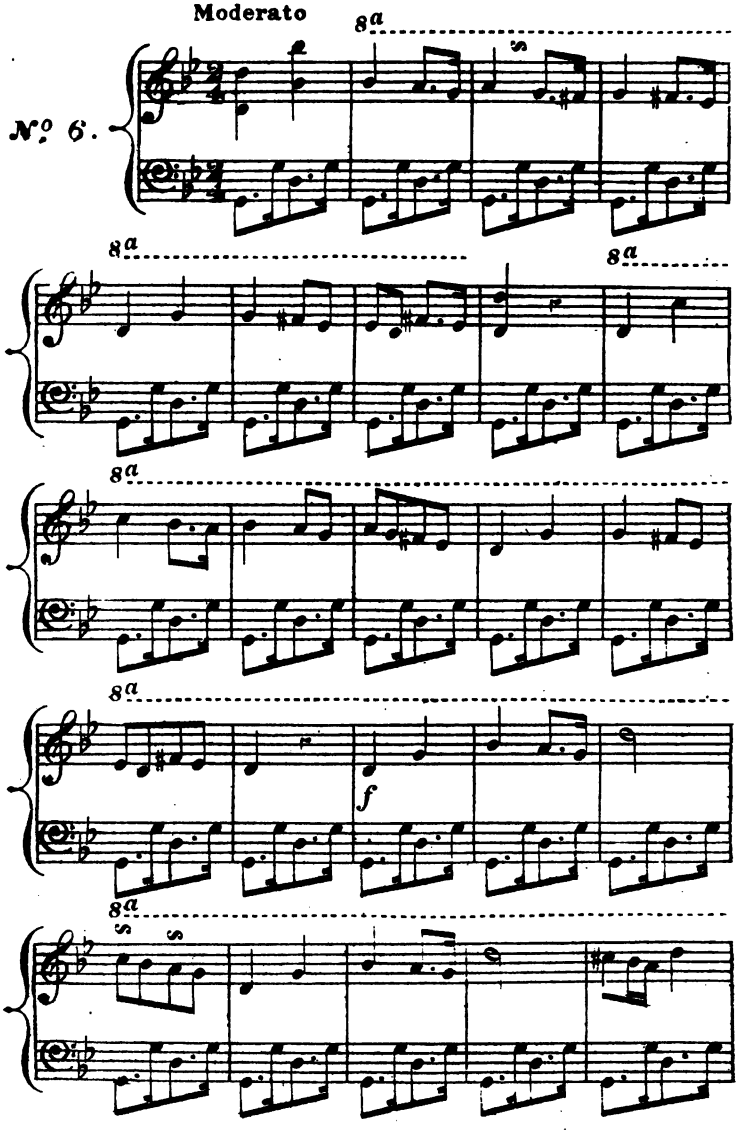
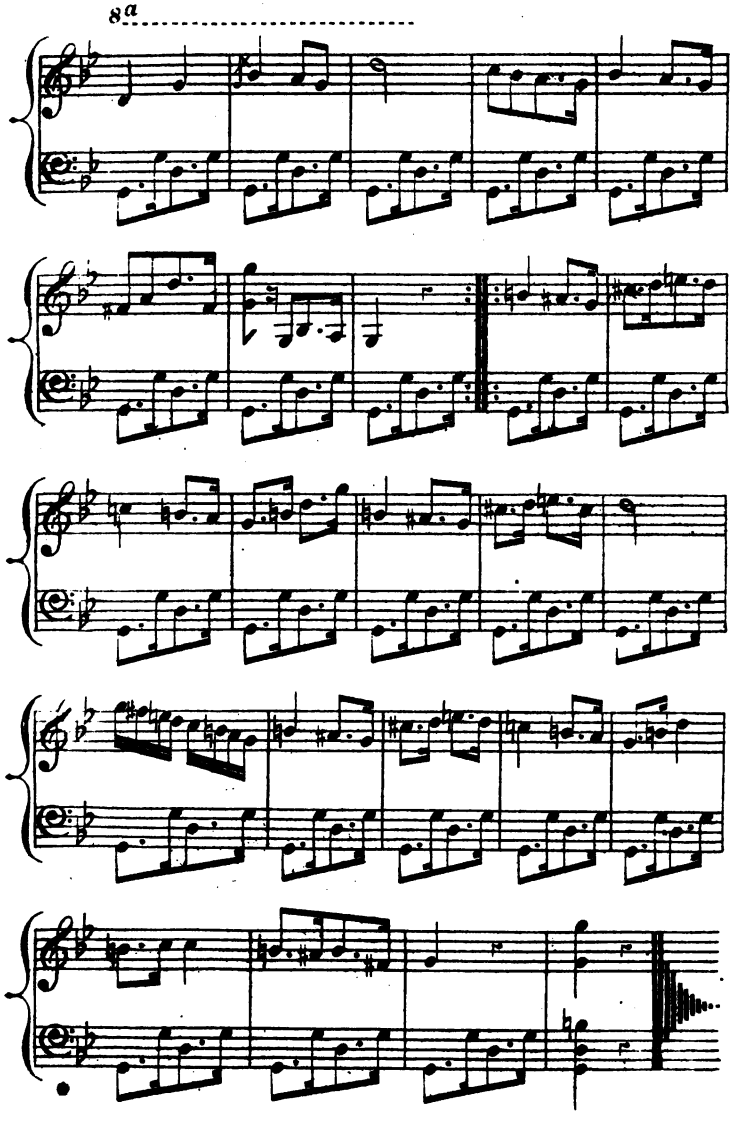
NATIONAL AIRS

OF

ROUMANIA.


7
p
6
6
6
6
7
6
6
6

f
6
6
6
5
cres:
6
6
pp
cres:
6
6

ritard:
pp

cres:
f
dim:
sempre più


...piano al ppp
molto ritard:
quasi echo.
ppp molto Lento.
molto ritard:
molto Lento.

Moderato.
N.º 3.
dol:
3
hr

3
3
3
3
2e
pour Finir.
D.C.

Allegretto quasi Andantino.

Andante.

Moderato
8a
No. 6.
8a
8a
8a
8a
f

8a

APR 12 1880
MAR 29 1882
OCT 21 1895
DUE JUL 30 1928

APR 12 1880
MAR 29 1882
OCT 21 1895
NOV 11 1905
DUE JUL 30 1926

APR 12 1880
MAR 29 1882
OCT 21 1895
NOV 22 1905
DUE JUL 30 1928